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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

HITLER'S pact with Austria, whatever his motives may have been, is a very good stroke of business—for Germany. Whether in the long run it will be so good for Austria remains to be seen. As a gesture the agreement looks well in the eyes of the world—of that world, at any rate, that does not peer too far ahead. Nor is it merely a gesture. It may well be the first step in that attempt to establish a Mitteleuropa by diplomacy instead of by arms which many of us have expected. The pact clearly does not involve any real sacrifice of Germany's ambitions. Hitler secures a moral, and even an economic, hold over Austria, and he may reckon on getting more later on. Even the "betrayal" of the Austrian Nazis is more apparent than real. They will have no support from Germany for openly subversive action; but they will not need it, for their tactics will now be different. Their party is still formally proscribed. But under the shadow of German friendship with Austria, they can pursue a policy of permeation, and already indeed, with the ink hardly dry on the agreement, there are signs of their influence beginning to assert itself. It may go hard presently with Jews, Socialists and others whom they do not love.

Mussolini and Hitler

Italy has made a great show of welcoming the pact; she could hardly do otherwise. It has certain advantages for her on the face of it. It secures her buffer State on the other side of the Brenner Pass, and it leaves Mussolini in a relation with Germany that will enable him to put pressure on France or Britain by threats of a closer understanding. But we doubt whether he is anxious to swear an oath of eternal brotherhood with Hitler—or Hitler with him. Neither wants to antagonise Great Britain, and either of them, should circumstances drive them into an alliance, is capable of double-crossing his ally. For the moment, however, they are friends, and as a sign of that friendship (as well as for other reasons) Italy refuses to attend a conference of the Locarno Powers without Germany. Germany, as things stand, can hardly be expected to take part in it, and the British and French Governments are at loggerheads about the holding of the conference. The French are pressing for it, in the hope of stiffening Mr. Baldwin. Mr. Baldwin is reluctant, as always, to put himself in a position which would involve the risk of his being committed to anything.

The Montreux Conference

There seems to be, as we go to press, a good prospect of agreement at the Montreux Conference. But the deadlock was obstinate and the British Government, for no British interests visible to lay eyes, brought on itself the angry suspicions of the Franco-Russian group. No substantial issue is involved, for the Turks, when they control the Straits from their new fortifications, will act in time of war as they see fit, which probably means with a strong bias in Russia's favour. What was symptomatic in this long wrangle over imaginary situations is that London steadily assumed an attitude unfavourable to Russian security and to the effective operation of the Eastern Pact. On one vital matter, to be sure, London yielded; at an early stage it dropped its opposition to the free exit of Russia's warships from the Black Sea to reinforce her fleets in the Baltic or Pacific. But the puzzling and indeed humorous claim that outside fleets may enter the Black Sea with a tonnage far above the normal limit "for humanitarian purposes" was pressed. Do such purposes, the Russians ask, cover some form of intervention? The main difficulty turned however, on the claim that French and Russian ships, operating within the framework of the League under the Eastern Pact, shall enjoy exceptional rights of entry and egress, "Turkey being neutral." The British contention was that in such a case belligerent fleets must enjoy "equal rights." The situation that Downing Street had in mind seemed to be that in a war between Germany and the Franco-Russian allies, Turkey must not impede a German fleet pursuing a Russian fleet through the Straits. But in that case Turkey could not be "neutral" under the Covenant, nor could Germany have any belligerent rights—unless, indeed, the League's Council had failed to reach a decision. The inference seemed to be that the Foreign Office had changed its view of the Eastern Pact, which during the Rhineland crisis it held to be a legitimate extension of the League's machinery.

More Trouble in Spain

The news from Spain is again unhappy. On Monday the Conservative leader, Señor Sotelo, formerly Finance Minister under Primo de Rivera, was murdered by a group of Shock Police (or men in their uniform). This, it appears, was a reprisal for the recent assassination of police officers by gunmen of the Right. Threats of counter-reprisals from the Right have been met by prompt measures of precaution. Between 100 and 150 Fascists were arrested in Madrid on Tuesday; several reactionary newspapers have been suspended, and the Cortes have been closed for a week. Stern warnings have been issued by the authorities against breaches of the peace, and though there is a great deal of public nervousness, we are sceptical about the imminence of civil war on a large scale. At the same time, the growth of gangsterism (fostered as it is by malcontents of the Right) is undoubtedly serious. Any Government in the Spain of to-day might be expected to have a hard task in maintaining law and order. The present Government—representing and yet not controlling the diverse elements of the Popular Front—is in a particularly difficult position, alike for the defence of the constitutional Republic and for the carrying out of its programme of big reforms.

Land in Kenya

The debate on the Colonial vote in the House last week revealed that yet another assault is to be made on the status of the Kenya natives. Already the small minority of white settlers have acquired an area equal to that of the total cultivated land of the native population. The new Order-in-Council proposes to set aside a further 6,500 square miles for the exclusive use of European immigrants. During recent years the amount of land reserved for the whites actually cultivated has declined, and in 1934 there were still 5,800 square miles of the European Highlands lying unused. Yet Mr. Ormsby-Gore seems determined to proceed with his policy of granting a further favour to the settlers at the expense of the natives. The native cultivator already has to compete against heavy discriminating freights on the railways. He is deliberately prevented from growing certain crops which might enter into competition with the settlers' produce. Now it is proposed to erect another colour bar excluding him from some of the better agricultural land. This policy received the hearty approval of the former Governor, Sir Edward Grigg. He appealed to the Government to give "moral support" to the settlers, and warned the House against accepting "the narrow view of trusteeship" which assumed that the interests of the natives must be paramount. In other words, the trustee has a duty to himself to make a profitable business out of the estate, especially as the ward is not likely very soon to come into his inheritance.

International Trade Unionism

International Trade Unionism, as represented by the International Federation of Trade Unions, has shrunk of late years till it has come to include little more than the movements of the surviving parliamentary countries of Western Europe. The Americans are still outside the I.F.T.U.; and the Russians, who have now the largest Trade Union movement in the world, belong to the rival Red International of Labour Unions, which they in effect control. The I.F.T.U. Congress in London last week-end spent much of its time discussing Trade Union Unity—the movement towards which has been strongly stimulated by the recent fusion of the Communist Unions in France with the C.G.T., and by the creation of the Front Populaire. The Norwegians proposed that negotiations for unity should be opened up with the Russian Unions and with the R.I.L.U. This was opposed by the British and some other delegations; and in the end the reference to the R.I.L.U. was deleted, and the Congress carried unanimously a proposal to approach all the unaffiliated movements, including the Russians as well as the Americans, with a view to unity. At the same time Sir Walter Citrine, who was re-elected as President, and other delegates reiterated their criticism of the Russian Unions on the score of their subordination to the Communist Party and the State; and the Congress passed a resolution asserting its belief in the indispensability of Trade Union independence of the State. It remains to be seen whether the Russian desire for unity will prove strong enough, and win enough support among Trade Unionists in other countries, to snatch success out of this somewhat half-hearted invitation. The election of the new I.F.T.U. executive showed how far the movement is still under the control of the right wing, Señor Largo Caballero being heavily defeated in the voting. The French, however, are now definitely in favour of unity with the Communist Unions, and will certainly do all they can to hold the I.F.T.U. to a real attempt to make the forthcoming negotiations a reality.

The Bread Ramp

Nowadays, it appears, the danger is always that prices will be not too high but too low. For some time past the National Association of Millers, in conjunction with the leading bakers' organisations, has been operating a system of compulsory minimum prices, by the simple expedient of withholding supplies of flour from any baker who attempts to sell bread at less than the approved price. The Food Council, created as the watchdog of the consumers, but wholly without compulsory powers, fixes maximum prices; and the tendency has been for the millers and bakers to adopt these maxima as their own minima. In one area, the North-East Coast, the minimum prices laid down by millers and bakers have actually been higher than the maxima prescribed by the Food Council. The Council, with its inadequate authority, has been trying to check this conspiracy to exploit the consumers; but it has not ventured to go beyond adjuring the millers to use with greater moderation their power to cut off supplies from recalcitrant bakers who are guilty of supplying bread too cheaply, and recommending that any baker whose supplies are cut off shall be allowed an appeal to an independent tribunal, which will approve the boycott only if the baker can be proved to be selling at an uneconomic price. This proposal, which the millers are apparently now prepared to accept, would be some improvement on the existing abominable system; but it does not go nearly far enough. Surely boycotts of this sort, operated by powerful trade combinations wholly outside the law, ought to be made illegal altogether. The present system plainly tends to standardise obsolete methods and to keep up prices to a level which affords no incentive to economic production.

Fascists and Jews

Mr. D. N. Pritt is to be congratulated on obtaining from Sir John Simon a statement that a recent assault on Jews "made his blood boil." The Home Secretary condemned Blackshirt behaviour at public meetings, and seemed to agree that sterner action must be taken to prevent Fascist intimidation of the Jews. When even Sir John Simon is brought to this pitch, the least optimistic of us may hope for action to follow. It is high time that the poisonous propaganda which is now being spread in the East End was effectively dealt with. We presume, too, that the Home Secretary will take account of the evidence given during the last few days before the Council for Civil Liberties' Inquiry into the Thurloe Square incident. Last week the Blackshirt newspaper *Fascist* raked up once again the old ritual-murder lie. We are glad to know from an answer in the House of Commons that the Attorney-General is considering the question of instituting legal proceedings.

The Arrest of Miss Wiskemann

Miss Wiskemann, whose article on the situation in Danzig appears in this week's issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, was arrested in Berlin on her return journey at the end of last week. Detailed knowledge and an unusual objectivity of outlook have earned Miss Wiskemann a high reputation as a free-lance writer on European topics. These are presumably the qualities which have attracted the attention of the German secret police. At the Gestapo headquarters Miss Wiskemann was asked whether she was the writer of an article entitled "A Land Fit for Heroes" which appeared in this journal on July 14th, 1935. She was not shown the article, but had to listen to certain passages from what purported to be a German translation of it. They referred to the treatment of the Jews, to the *Kulturkampf* and to the brutality of certain Gestapo officials. She naturally replied that without seeing the article itself she could not say whether she had written these passages, but that she might have made any of the statements read out to her. She might, indeed; there is no honest journalist in Berlin who has not frequently reported these familiar truths. She was then released with the warning that severer measures would not be taken against her because of the importance of Anglo-German friendship. We hope the Foreign Office will not let the matter rest there. As it stands, the incident serves to show the methods of censorship employed by the Nazi police, not only over the German, but over the foreign press. It needs unusual pluck for a foreign correspondent in Germany to-day to tell the truth.

The Front Populaire

Critic writes from Paris: "July 14th. In the morning a great military display was watched with national pride and great good humour by both Fascists and Front Populaire. The rest of the day was given up to carnival. My last impression was of happy crowds dancing on the wet pavements in the drizzling rain. But the afternoon was fine for the immense procession. Certainly not less than half a million people went by, while the crowd that watched and cheered was even larger. The Marseillaise and the Internationale were sung alternately, for the Front Populaire has become a *mystique*, a union of Socialism and Nationalism, in which most of the population rejoices to feel that democratic France is reborn. So overwhelming is this spirit to-day, that the Blum Government could do almost anything it wished. The workers' strikes have already helped it to real achievement. The annual holiday with pay is a fact. The Trade Unions, now increased to a four million membership, will also make collective bargaining a reality; the details of the forty-hour week are now being worked out. But the Blum Government has a difficult passage ahead. The opposition in the Senate is formidable, and the Government is still hesitating about devaluation. Fascism is scotched, but not necessarily defeated. It waits its chance. Whether it ever has a chance ultimately depends on whether the impressive armaments that paraded in the morning are effectively controlled by the people who demonstrated in the afternoon. The police are with the Popular Front, the Army is divided. Several tank commanders gave the Socialist signal to the crowd as they passed. But some officers are certainly Fascist and the Garde Mobile, though unquestionably loyal to-day, may contain dangerous elements. Democracy is wonderfully alive and determined in France. The future of civilisation in the West depends on its capacity to make its will effective."

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ANOTHER NEW DEAL

AT the beginning of last year the newly launched ship of the Unemployment Assistance Board ran on the rocks with a great crash. For some seventeen months the Government, Ministry of Labour and the Board have been struggling to get her afloat again. The result of their tinkerings is at last before us, in the shape of new draft Regulations, which might, but for the conflict of principles and persons among their authors, have been produced in seventeen weeks, if not in seventeen days. These new regulations were preceded by the first Annual Report of the U.A.B., an apologia designed to show that the whole scheme is fundamentally sound. They contain a number of reforms, and the Minister of Labour, in an accompanying Memorandum, invites us to take particular note of their generosity and flexibility. Whether those two virtues will earn the gratitude of the unemployed remains to be seen. The household means test stinks in the nostrils of the people, and so long as it is retained as a cardinal principle of unemployment assistance, we believe the opposition will be implacable.

The principal changes embodied in the draft regulations relate to scale rates, rents, and earnings. They represent concessions extorted under the pressure of political necessity, and they can only be called generous in a peculiar sense of that word. The basic scale rate will still be inadequate for a civilised standard of living. A man and wife will get 24*s.* a week, as now, though where there are no "available resources," their rate will normally be raised to the unemployment insurance benefit level. The rate for a single woman householder is put up from 14*s.* to 15*s.*, for female "members of a household" from 7*s.* or 8*s.* to 9*s.* (or from 7*s.* to 8*s.* if she is aged 18 to 21). The new rent rule promises a more substantial improvement. The old rule, a rather complicated affair, involved uniformity which is now to be abandoned in favour of flexibility—"wide flexibility," as it is officially put, "in the treatment of rent according to the facts about rent in different localities." The rent scale allowance, under the existing regulations, is reckoned at one-quarter of the total amount of relief at the scale rate, and when the actual rent is above or below that, a more or less automatic adjustment is made. It is now proposed that the difference between this net rent and the quarter of the total allowance may be disregarded, in whole or in part, or that a smaller proportion—say, one-fifth or one-sixth—should be adopted as the standard, and furthermore that in special cases (e.g., where the scale allowance is low) "some small specified sum, say, 1*s.*, should be also disregarded." Incidentally, the advantage of this flexibility will not accrue solely to the unemployed. The Local Advisory Committees will be given, amongst other duties, the job of making decisions about rent allowances (though technically their decisions will only be "recommendations" to the officials of the Board). Need we stress the obvious convenience of letting them "hold the baby"? If anything goes wrong with the baby, the Board will be able to say: "Please, sir, it's not our fault; it was those competent and experienced persons on the spot who did it."

The third, and most important, change is concerned with earnings. At present an applicant, who manages to earn a few shillings a week by casual work, is allowed to keep "for his personal requirements" the first 5*s.*, or half of his earnings, whichever is the less. Under the new regulations he will be allowed a minimum of 3*s.* or half his earnings up to a maximum of 8*s.*, whichever is the greater. "Thus small earnings up to 3*s.* are entirely ignored, and he may obtain progressive advantage from any earnings up to 16*s.*" And the same rule will apply to the earnings of the applicant's wife, father or mother. This is the first easing of the means test. The second affects the earnings of "other members of the household"—sons and daughters, brothers and sisters, or even distant relatives living in the family. The existing regulations in deciding what they should contribute do not distinguish between those with and those without dependants of their own. Under the new scheme there will be more elasticity; so that a married son with a wife and children living in his father's or father-in-law's household may look for an increase in the "allowance" for his own requirements and those of his wife and children.

As regards the earnings of sons and daughters, brothers and sisters, with no dependants, the "generosity" of the new regulations becomes even more precise. If they are under 18 years of age, they will be allowed to keep all earnings up to 12*s.* plus half of any earnings above 12*s.* Those over 18 may keep all earnings up to £1, or 16*s.* plus a half of any earnings above 16*s.*, whichever is the greater. (The amount "retained for personal requirements," by the way, is not mere pocket money; maintenance is one of the requirements and obviously the chief one.)

Such is the household means test in its revised form. The essential principle remains, and it is a vicious principle, which has had, and will continue to have, deplorable effects in practice. It means hardship and deprivation for a multitude of young people. It puts fathers in a humiliating position of dependence on their children. Often it results in material suffering for the father; since many "earning children" do not, in fact, give him the full sum which the Board prescribes as "available for his needs." It does not, as a certain school of moralists pretend, preserve the integrity of the family; it actually helps to disintegrate the family. The cases of children leaving their homes to escape the inquisition and the burden of the means test are not merely exceptional cases, as some of the district officers of the Board would have us believe; their name is legion. The concessions in the new regulations doubtless mitigate the hardships to the extent that the contributions are lessened by this or that number of shillings. But there is no sound argument for requiring any contributions at all, beyond a reasonable sum for board and lodging. The means test should be an individual means test. The household means test is a device for making the poor pay for the poor, for feeding the dog on his own tail. It is imported from the Poor Law system, and whether or not it is proper there, it should have no place in another system whose primary aim was to take the unemployed out of the Poor Law.

The extra cost of all the new generosity, it is estimated, will be roughly £750,000 on the basis of existing numbers and circumstances of applicants. That means an addition of about 2 per cent. to the total expenditure on Unemployment Assistance. Of the 620,000 persons at present under the Board, about one-third, we are told, may expect increased allowances. For another group of something over 200,000, it is understood, there will be no change, while the remainder, something less than 200,000, will suffer reductions. Here the Board, fearing no doubt a repetition of last year's storm, are walking delicately. In only about 60,000 cases—those of "grossly excessive allowances" or of young single applicants under twenty-five—will the reductions be made during the first four or five months. The rest will be dealt with gradually over a period of eighteen months, so as to soften the blow, and also (though naturally there is no official mention of such a trivial matter) so as to avoid embarrassing the Government with a sudden mass grievance. Exactly what will happen to the further 200,000 or so who will be transferred from the Public Assistance Committees to the Board on the "Second Appointed Day" cannot be foretold, though we may safely guess that a large number of them will find their allowances reduced. But that will not be till next April. What is facing us now is a renewal of the battle over the means test.

WHY DID HITLER ?

Vienna.

SUCH satisfaction as has been expressed in England over Herr Hitler's triumph in obtaining Dr. Schuschnigg's agreement to the pact which the former obviously so desperately needed, and the latter signed with real mistrust, must be largely based on faith in the late Dr. Coué. Herr Hitler's successive triumphs, starting with his chancellorship, have been hailed by our professional optimists with the assurance that, unlikely as it may seem at the moment, they are certain that henceforward every day in every way he is going to behave better and better. It is a form of suggestion which has come off fairly frequently in the case of past menaces to peace—but never with Herr Hitler. Our political Couéists gallantly undeterred, are once again assuring Herr Hitler that they know he means it this time, after all, and that his straightforward gesture has removed one danger from Europe.

Why? What reason is there for believing that Herr Hitler has abandoned his most cherished ideal—the ultimate conquest of his native Austria? Certainly the other party to this pact, which can be regarded as a "gentlemen's agreement between two gentlemen, one of whom is not at all sure that the other is," does not believe it. Those who know him—and I know many who know him as intimately as it is possible to know this curiously isolated figure—agree that while Hitler will discuss temperately and bargain about this and that, he has never tolerated discussion of the three matters concerning which he has had Revelations from the Teutonic God—Austria, Soviet Russia and the Jews. About these he knows. Wotan told him. They are as ready to believe that he would revoke all his *ex cathedra* pronouncements about the Jews and the Soviets, and mean it, as that he has really renounced his most cherished aim of complete triumph in Austria.

Those, and only those, who are convinced that Nazi Germany's one aim is to consolidate European peace, and that her heart is innocent of aggression, will believe that the new agreement is really a contribution to the cause of European peace. Let it be granted that it eliminates for the time being the prospect of an overnight German *coup d'état* against Austria. But there was never any real prospect of that until such time as Nazi Germany consciously decided that the moment was ripe for Armageddon, and there is nothing in the pact tending to postpone Armageddon itself, only to indicate that it will probably not be located on the map of Austria. Is it such a great advantage that the directors of Nazi foreign policy should have "cleaned up" the Austrian situation in order to print Armageddon at some spot on the map which will not involve her in conflict with Fascist Italy, but may even find her an ally? Can Britain really rejoice that the one great obstacle to the co-operation of the two heavily armed aggressive Fascist States should have been removed?

The very fact that Herr Hitler was so desperately anxious for the pact that he sacrificed something of his jealously guarded prestige—and he sacrificed nothing else—should give the optimists pause. From the moment that the wily Herr von Papen began his manœuvres in Vienna over a year ago, the battle has been simply whether Hitler should sanction declarations of respect for Austria's independence and of non-interference before Dr. Schuschnigg made concessions to Hitler's Austrian admirers or afterwards. Baron Berger Waldenegg always told Papen that the declarations must come first. Papen replied that Hitler was ready to give them, but for reasons of prestige he could only do so as a reply to concessions to his Austrian followers. Herr Hitler even now has made no new declaration. He has consented to his declaration of May, 1935, that Germany had no plans to annex or to unite with Austria, being publicly recalled. He has allowed the statement which he has also made in other words before, that the question of National Socialism in Austria was an internal affair for Austria, to be embodied in the agreement. The difference is that when he made these statements before they were received, partly from their context, with professions of disbelief; now they are received with professions of belief. I have seen the terms of a letter which Herr Hess wrote on Herr Hitler's instructions nearly two years ago to the man who was trying to revive the Nazi movement in Austria in a legal form, and under a name not discredited by the murder of Dollfuss, in which it was made clear that the Führer expected such a movement to get along without any help or recognition from himself.

But the deadlock concerning the sequence of German declaration and Austrian gesture remained until the beginning of May, when Papen informed a startled and suspicious Schuschnigg that the Führer was now prepared for the two actions to be simultaneous. This compromise was the basis of the present agreement. What was behind the *volte face?* The principal key lies in England, though there are others. The British memorandum was a masterpiece. Germany could not and would not answer it. She dared not show her hand, yet answering the memorandum left her no alternative. Even Nazi Germany's inveterate friends in high places in London felt obliged to tell Herr von Ribbentrop, when he admitted that he had not brought and never could bring them an answer, that Germany was cutting the ground from beneath their feet. Then Herr von Ribbentrop forgot that even these pro-Nazis were English not German pro-Nazis, and made certain indiscreet suggestions to them which forced them to recall the fact to him rather coldly. Germany realised that there was a serious movement starting at last in the British press to open the eyes of the misguided many who blindly admired Nazi Germany, and was in a panic. Austria adroitly encouraged the Habsburg scare to bring Germany up to scratch. Sanctions were coming off, and a possible re-establishment of the Stresa Front must be prevented at all costs. The Reichswehr were insistent that Italy's neutrality, if not friendship, must be secured for the event of conflict with France; actually it was they who persuaded Herr Hitler to let them take the initiative, through the German military attaché in Vienna directly approaching Austrian professional comrades with the suggestion that "we soldiers must push things along a bit."

In Austria the Association of Industrialists, greedy for the prosperity which they saw German industry deriving from rearmament and from working off in goods the bad debts which Dr. Schacht's ingenuity had forced the agrarian Balkan States to make in Germany, insisted that these very schemes of Dr. Schacht were killing their own trade—as of course Dr. Schacht intended. They neither could nor would, Dr. Schuschnigg was told, continue like this; there must be peace which would enable them to share in the prosperity, however temporary, of the German concerns with which they are in close connection. Herr von Papen offered Dr. Schuschnigg on a golden platter the very declarations by the Führer on which he had always insisted, and took care that the Industrialists' Association should know that he had done so. Dr. Schuschnigg's friends tell me that it was only with deep mistrust, and after exacting every kind of security, that he consented to the agreement.

What will be the results? The "pronounced Nationals'" leaders in Vienna at once reminded Dr. Schuschnigg that they had always told him that the key lay in Austria, not in Berlin. The agreement was with Germany; it did no more than open the way for an agreement with them, without which there would soon be a fresh explosion from their extreme wing, the "Putsch Nazis." They demand immediately the right to form their own organisation—virtually the Nazi Party, disguised perhaps under some such title as the "Christian German Group"—within the Fatherland Front. They demand revision of the Constitution and anti-Semitic measures. Responsible leaders of the "Nationals," who have always informed me correctly, assure me that, despite official statements to the contrary, they have promises that all this will be done—gradually. The "gentleman's agreement" between Austria and Germany will, of course, never be made public; but the air is thick with rumours of secret clauses on economic matters which will involve Austria in Dr. Schacht's imposing house of cards (founded on bad debts and the clearing system), of clauses banishing the Habsburg topic for a series of years, and providing for close foreign political and military co-operation. Already significant retirements of distinguished anti-Nazi generals are announced. The democratic forces are preparing for the clerico-fascist whips to be exchanged for Nazi scorpions; even before the agreement, the courts were giving them sentences of years for forbidden political propaganda for which the Nazis received the same sentences in months. The latter, not the former, will now be all released (unless they committed crimes of violence). The odd 50,000 Austrian Legionaries will return to add their voices to those of the readmitted German press and German tourists in more or less discreet praise of the Führer and his methods, none of which can be called "interference in Austria's internal affairs." Criticism of Germany in the Austrian press is silenced. Under such conditions it is obvious, as Herr Hitler has always told the responsible Austrian National leaders, "the Anschluss has time."

And ourselves? Was it for such results, and for the prospect of seeing a great chain of united Fascist dictatorships, Germany, Poland, Austria, Hungary and perhaps Bulgaria, facilitating the *Drang nach Osten*—and Britain's communications with India—that we supported the Dollfuss regime in its overthrow of the democratic Republic, handed over to the Duce the job of "protecting" Austria from Herr Hitler, and even swallowed, with some grimaces, it is true, the relentless crushing of the Socialists and their great achievements in Vienna, always on the plea that anything was better than German control of Austria? But no doubt it will be contended that the new agreement has prevented this. Those who think so will find Austria worth watching.

G. E. R. GEDYE

THE FREE CITY OF DANZIG

FOR a moment Herr Greiser's peculiar performance upon the stage of Geneva on July 4th drew the attention of the world to the affairs of Danzig. But Danzig deserves more than a moment's attention. Herr Greiser's declarations were no doubt part of the gigantic German propagandist campaign, which seems to gather strength as it advances. On the other hand, by the end of June, the National Socialists in Danzig required some drastic coup if their popularity in the Free City were not to vanish entirely away. It is remarkable to observe how, up to the present, Nazi technique with all its refinements has failed to win over the Danzigers; foreign observers with no reason to take sides estimate the Nazis at a mere 30 per cent. Under the guarantee of the League of Nations a liberal and democratic constitution hypothetically functions in Danzig, but, in practice, since the Nazis have taken over the Government, non-Nazi deputies have been shouted down on the rare occasions when the Diet meets, opposition newspapers have been confiscated or forbidden as often as not, and members of the opposition parties arbitrarily arrested and horribly maltreated by a Gestapo which clearly has close affiliations with that of another State, the German Reich. There is a good deal of unimpeachable evidence about prisoners in Danzig, as many of the judges are Nationalists, not Nazis, and it has therefore been worth while to take one's complaints to court until now. I have the accounts of a number of arrests last year which were followed by the most terrible beatings and, on several occasions, the prisoner's hair was nearly torn out. The two most sadistic of the Criminal Police are appropriately called Herren Teuffel and Tuchel, while Piwolinski and Schoewe are not far behind. An important official named Herr Class, who, incidentally, attended the dinner in honour of the Polish Minister, Dr. Roman, a fortnight ago, deigns to participate in the "interrogations" that go on.

After the January meeting of the Council this year, relative quiet prevailed in Danzig for some months, and Herr Greiser appeared to oppose the extremism of the notorious Nazi *Gauleiter*, Herr Forster. In June, however, the time appeared favourable for a new Nazi offensive. After all, the world had gaped helplessly at the German Army in the Rhineland and the League of Nations had been bitterly humiliated by Italy; it was just the moment to humiliate the League again. A new wave of terror was initiated in Danzig, and a campaign which included the *Leipzig* incident and culminated in the Greiser tirade at Geneva, was prepared against the League's High Commissioner who was still bravely serving the cause of democracy in Danzig.

It was only in Danzig itself that I was able to get an accurate account of the attack upon the Nationalist meeting in the Töpfergasse on June 12th. As the meeting was about to disperse, some thirty Nazis disguised in blue caps and shirts and armed with horrifying weapons fell upon the defenceless Nationalist public. The Storm Trooper, Deskowski, who was subsequently found dead, was previously known to have a weak heart, and it has been medically certified that he died of heart failure. Like Maikowski in February, 1933, he received a State funeral as a martyr in the National Socialist cause, and Lutze and Himmler came from Germany to attend it. On June 13th sixteen Nazis attacked a Socialist ménage at Wiesental and appear to have shot two of their own party—Fressohnke and Ludwig—dead. These three deaths are now conveniently quoted as illustrations of Opposition terrorisation! A number of further outrages occurred; perhaps the most appalling of these is the case of Herr Pietsch, who called off a meeting of non-Nazi war veterans which should have taken place on June 13th. He went to the meeting-hall (at a hotel at Oliva) to inform those who turned up, and there he was set upon by a savage horde of Nazis, some of them well known in the party. He was beaten unconscious, then taken to a doctor, then on the way home attacked again and thrown under an advancing train. The driver just managed to brake sufficiently hard not to kill him, but the Nazis cursed the driver for his pains.

Soon after these horrors Herr Greiser appears to have been converted to Forster's policy, since Forster, who is a German citizen and a Prussian State Councillor, was obviously supported in Berlin. This was made clear when the officers of the *Leipzig* refused to visit Mr. Lester a fortnight after the Töpfergasse affair, and Herr Forster published a furious attack upon the High Commissioner in the Danzig and German press. Meanwhile, Danzig feeling against National Socialism was rising; too many people knew about the Nationalist meeting. According to information from a Nazi source, the chief Nazi newspaper (the *Danziger Neueste Nachrichten*) lost 2,046 subscribers on account of its strange misrepresentations at this time. The Nationalist weekly, on the other hand, had recently been able to appear twice a week, and the Catholic bi-weekly newspaper had become a daily. Danzig Catholics, by the way, are particularly enraged by the compulsory sterilisations carried out since the Nazis have cared for the freedom of the City; some Catholic girls have gone to live with relations in Poland in order not to be caught.

The most popular paper in the town (not, of course, in the villages) is the Socialist *Volksstimme*. This was forbidden for the whole of June, because it had published an indiscretion about Poland on the part of Herr Greiser. Danzig has learnt to expect drastic developments whenever the *Volksstimme* (Voice of the People) is silenced. It was therefore with apprehension that all non-Nazis heard of a new and longer suppression of the *Volksstimme* on July 7th. Herr Greiser returned from Geneva and Berlin at eight in the morning, and at once conferred with his senatorial colleagues and the Police President and the Chief Magistrate. After an inordinately long sitting they informed the Editor of the *Volksstimme* of a three months' *Verbot*, but later the period had changed to five months. The Nationalists then heard that their paper, too, was suppressed for five months.

To what do these prohibitions point? The whole opposition press had that day published a joint appeal to Danzigers from the three *Verfassungstreu* (true to the constitution) parties, Socialists, Catholics, and Nationalists, repudiating President Greiser's claim to have spoken in the name of all Danzigers, vindicating the constitution guaranteed by the League, and demanding an election, provided it be secret and free. But President Greiser has already announced that he will in future ignore all protests from the High Commissioner. Since he has told the Poles that he will observe the Danzig Statute, he is unlikely to dissolve the opposition parties outright, but will twist the Statute into the shape the Nazis desire. This method will avoid further provocation of foreign opinion. It will mean the gradual disappearance of members of the opposition. Meanwhile all officials—and this touches a relatively large number of Danzigers—must become Nazis. It is also known that at the conference on July 7th it was announced that all judges who had had the temerity to give anti-Nazi verdicts, however gentle, were to be told to mend their ways in the future. Police instructions to the effect that non-Nazis deserve no protection were also emphasised. Thus the opposition, deprived as it is of all effective powers of expression, is left without legal or physical protection. In these circumstances Greiser may hold a plebiscite of some kind on the lines of German elections. Nothing could be worse than this, for, apart from the question of intimidation, the issue would be presented as one between Germany and the foreigner; though Danzigers know more about Nazi Germany than the voters in the Saar in January, 1935, many oppositionals would be lost in the dilemma. Even an election under the aegis of an international force would arouse nationalistic reactions to obscure other principles for the moment. No wonder the Danzig Nazis were jubilant last week, hailing Hitler more loudly than ever before.

Two questions remain. What does Poland want? What can Mr. Lester do? There is no doubt that Poland has been hampered in the whole affair by her growing economic difficulties which are thought to be causing her military efficiency to suffer. She is not strong enough to risk acting alone and she can—owing to her bad relations with Russia—count on no one to help her. Thus, while some Polish opposition papers have been hinting that Poland should cut the knot and take Danzig for herself, and although Colonel Beck was disagreeably startled by Greiser's Geneva speech, the Polish Government will stick to discretion as the better part of valour. They will accept concessions for their nationals, or economic gains, and give Herr Greiser in return a free hand to play cat's cradle with the constitution of Danzig. But it is an agitating prospect for Poland, since Danzig will be virtually annexed to the Reich, except for the Customs union with Poland, and the Statute of Danzig—which is part of the system by which the Corridor is Polish—will be prettily caricatured. Was it by chance that the German cruiser lay at Danzig just as the Poles were celebrating their "Festival of the Sea" at Gdynia nearby? Someone who had watched it described to me the departure of the *Leipzig* on June 28th, throwing a green searchlight a little menacingly at Gdynia, as if to say, "That won't last long. We (since the naval agreement with England) rule the Baltic and brook no rivals."

It is difficult to praise Sean Lester enough. He has explored every path that might lead to a reasonable solution. But assurances from Germany proved sterile and he was left to endure gross accusations with a very fine dignity. Loud Nazi voices denounce him as a malicious intriguer psychologically unfitted to understand Germany, though Mr. Lester was a steady champion of "justice for Germany," when he felt her to be slighted at Geneva in earlier days. As League High Commissioner in Danzig he has the hollow right to call in Polish troops. Otherwise he can depend upon nothing but pressure from the West; a little determination in England would make all the difference in the world. Since Geneva has betrayed the Abyssinians, is it not doubly called upon to stand by the Danzigers? Might not the League retrieve something of its standing through this very opportunity?

ELIZABETH WISKEMANN

A LONDON DIARY

A CLERK in one of the leading Scottish banks, having reached the age of 29, wished to marry. But a bank clerk may not marry, so it appears, without the consent and benediction of his employers. To them he accordingly made his prayer. They replied that his salary was but £160 a year and it was written in the bank's commandments that no man might marry under £200. He thereupon made application that they should raise his salary to the requisite £200, pointing out that he had done nine years' faithful service. They replied with a promotion to £180, a transfer, and an injunction that he should on no account marry, but that after a further six months they would see whether (*a*) further increase could be accorded to bring his pay to the mystic minimum, (*b*) he had settled down in the new office and district, and (*c*) he was able to obtain a suitable house there, for "we should not approve of your settling in furnished rooms." To this edict was appended a footnote adjuring the young man to "grasp all opportunities of adding to your knowledge generally." No one can ever tell for certain what last flick or sting it is that makes the mildest of men go red in the neck. In this case possibly the footnote. The clerk replied that he had promise of a suitable house, that his father (as previously notified) would make up his salary to £200, that he was performing his duties with all care, that he was going to be married next Monday, and that he hoped the bank would absolve him and retain him in its service. Four days later (a Thursday) he was excommunicated: "Your services with the Bank will terminate at the close of business on Saturday, to which date your salary will be paid." And as it was written, so it came to pass; and now, of course, no other bank in the length and breadth of this land of hope and glory, mother of the free, will touch him with a barge-pole, and even less ecclesiastical employers, on hearing that he was dismissed by a bank ("By a *bank*, young man. Ah!") look down their noses and cough. Well, I suppose he should have known what he was letting himself in for when he dedicated his life to the Mystery and joined its priesthood. The reader will have noticed I hope that, in the footnote to the edict, "Bank" is written with a capital B.

* * *

Last week saw yet another of those cases of a jury being told by an expert witness that the clothing of the prisoner at the bar had been examined and spots of blood had been found. (Sensation in court. Juryman faints. Counsel for defence gulps. Prisoner blenches. Expert witness descends from box looking very sorry at his discovery and all that it implies. Trial proceeds in an atmosphere of deepening gloom.) How much longer is this really terrible nonsense to be allowed to continue? Luckily in the last two cases—there was a similar one only a month or two ago—the evidence in prisoners' favour was so strong as even to wipe out the devastating effect of the discovery of specks of blood; but the third time may be unlucky, and the fourth, and many times yet to come, unless we do something about it. This man was a lorry driver. Of course he had bloodstains on his clothes! I thank the Lord I was never held for murder; they would have found enough bloodstains on any old working suit of mine to hang me every morning for a year; for even the best of mechanics and car fettlers and odd men about the place will now and then cut a finger, bark a knuckle, smash a thumb, cut a chin, or burst a nose. And so with most men—with every man who does strenuous work with his hands. The assumption that there is a deadly significance in the presence of specks of blood on a working man's clothing is one of those imbecilities that only continue because no one will take the trouble to put them in the dustbin. The remedy is simple, and could be made part of our criminal procedure to-morrow if anyone cared enough about it. All that is needed is to forbid, under the rules of evidence, any asking or answering of the question: "Did you find bloodstains on the prisoner's clothing?" The only form in which any such questioning should be allowed is: "Have you compared any traces of blood found on the prisoner's clothing with the average of that on similar clothing worn for about the same length of time by a number of men following the same occupation as prisoner, and if so what are the results of your examination and comparison?" It will not be contended, I hope, that to procure and examine a dozen comparable suits worn by lorry-drivers would be far too much bother. There is a new police laboratory at Hendon to which such a task would be simply apple pie and cream. It is a disturbing thought that this type of question (bloodstains are only one example) is put to and answered by "scientific" experts, and that in almost any field of scientific investigation you could name, other than Justice, such a question would be rejected with derision as contrary to the very rudiments of scientific procedure.

* * *

Road casualties, I regret to see, are mounting. Can it be that Mr. Hore-Belisha's terrific efforts to reduce the slaughter on the roads are going to prove in the long run to have been worse than unavailing? It is too early yet to say. It may never now be possible to say for certain, for one cannot know what the injury and death rate would have been had his measures never been taken. I only hope that if there should appear to be good ground for supposing that he has been going just the wrong way about it he will be as energetic and courageous in abolishing his signs and wonders as he was in creating them. There is always the danger of the determined man of action getting himself into a one-way street which he cannot but follow even though it obviously leads to destruction. Last Sunday week I started up my ancient but trusty car after a lapse of six months or more and drove to London. Three things impressed me. First, that while I drove with great care at an exact speed of 30 miles per hour through all the controlled areas, dozens of cars rushed past me at all speeds, giving a contemptuous snort as they passed, in any area where the speed limit seemed uncalled for. Second, that nobody seemed to be taking the slightest notice of the Belisha beacons, either drivers or pedestrians. Third, that to be driving again after a lapse of so many months was enabling me to recall and to "feel" the difference between driving as it used to be before the days of traffic signals and beacons and notices and mobile police, and driving as I had last left it and had now come back to it. I thought it just possible that controls were being overdone and that motorists were being as much rattled as restrained. I felt that many accidents must be due to "nerves on edge," to sheer exhaustion at watching and following signals and notices on the top of all the other cares of the road, to the uncertainty of not knowing whether to conform to rules that everyone else seemed to be disregarding and particularly to beacon-rules which were evidently already obsolescent, and at the same time to a lurking dread lest a mile or so farther on a powerful car should roar up behind ringing a gong and draw up in front. It has yet to be seen whether mortal mind can stand up against the accumulation of such worries and anxieties. If it cannot, we may be in for a crescendo of unnerved road-senseless drivers smashing themselves and other people in unaccountable accidents. I do not give these as views, but as impressions.

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As I was leaving for Germany, a month or more ago now, it was made known in the papers that Mrs. Boo Boo of Regent's Park had given birth to a daughter June. The gratification that was expressed in some quarters at this event was perhaps excusable, but surely the enthusiasm (and still more the widespread publicity, reaching and indeed aimed especially at the young of both sexes) was quite out of place. All knew, or could have known, that the father, a Mr. Ko Ko, had previously lived in the same neighbourhood with another lady known as Sally, who in consequence had given birth to a child named Jubilee: and there are rumours (I put it no higher than that) of yet another still earlier alliance and offspring at Bristol. It is all very well to say that these are only chimps. It can be replied that very many people are chumps: and the absence of any kind of public reprobation for such irregularities on the part of a notability among the first-cousins of our race is liable to be misconstrued. I found on my return that absolutely nothing had been done or said about it. What has happened to the Bishop of London and the Social Morality Council?

John Hilton

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Miss Barbara Fletcher.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Mr. Duff Cooper praised Britain and France as the most cultured nations in Europe. . . . Culture presumably means excellence in the Arts. There is not one art in which France is first-class, let alone supreme. French music is not worth hearing, a great deal of French literature is clever but none of it is profound. French painting is trivial or lunatic, and though in sculpture France ranks higher than in any of the other Arts, even then other countries beat it. If Mr. Duff Cooper had said that France has the most highly polished veneer of culture one might have agreed with him.—*The Aeroplane.*

Malnutrition, on which medical pundits are now so busy lecturing us, is the result not so much of scarcity or profiteering (sound foodstuffs have never been cheaper or more plentiful) as of sheer laziness and a widespread proneness to perpetual hustle.—*Daily Mail.*

I personally own a bull terrier, and would say here and now that I have far more in common with my dog and any horse than I have with 99¾ per cent. of the people I meet.—Letter in *Daily Express.*

My father died within a month of lighting three cigarettes with one match.—Letter in *Daily Mail.*

Lazy girls should be jogged into action by the news that the Duchess of Kent is doing her own nails.—*Daily Sketch.*

THE POLICE AND THEIR POWERS

To the Home Secretary the price of liberty appears to include a little incidental hooliganism. At any rate such is the excuse with which he has justified the failure to prosecute those responsible for the fracas which are now the main feature of outdoor Fascist meetings. The English traditions of free speech and assembly, so the familiar argument runs, make it extremely difficult to charge a speaker or prohibit a meeting unless an actual breach of the peace occurs and, of course, when the breach has occurred the damage has been done.

On this subject it may be worth looking a little more closely into the law.

Of course, if the Home Secretary desired it, it would be possible at once to prevent all Fascist street meetings by prosecuting the speakers and the audience under the Highways Act of 1835. This venerable Statute, passed for quite another purpose, is to-day frequently used as a political weapon. For under it anyone who obstructs a highway can be prosecuted, not only for preventing the passage of any particular individual, but also for causing an obstruction which might prevent the passage of somebody if they were present and wished to pass over that particular part of the thoroughfare. No doubt to suppress meetings in this way is not altogether in accord with English traditions of free speech and assembly, but since this is the method by which the unemployed are prevented from holding meetings outside their Labour Exchanges, it is unlikely that Sir John Simon can have any objection to it on principle.

Further, if the police genuinely expect a breach of the peace they can ask the speaker to move on; if he refuses to do so, then he is obstructing an officer of police in the execution of his duty and can be arrested. It is impossible to tell how often the police do use this method with provocative Fascist speakers, but the indications are that it is seldom employed.

Of course, such methods of controlling meetings are highly undesirable. However honestly the police may try to exercise their discretion, their belief in the likelihood of a breach of the peace must depend to some extent on their view of the antipathy that certain political views will arouse. There is an impression, for example, that anything said in a loud voice by anyone suspected of being a Communist may lead to a breach of the peace. Among some policemen, at any rate, there is an equally strong conviction that nothing said by a Fascist can. Thus the police recently argued before a London magistrate that the words "Free Thaelmann" addressed to an English working-class crowd would result in a breach of the peace. However, their fellows in another district had no fear that a reference to the Jews as "venereal-ridden vagrants" would similarly affect a partly Jewish audience. For at the meeting where these words were spoken, the police contented themselves with warning the audience not to interrupt.

So far as action against the speaker himself is concerned there are two different methods. In London under the Metropolitan Police Act and in most large towns under local police acts there exists an offence known shortly as "insulting words and behaviour." An essential ingredient of this offence, however, is the causing or the likelihood of causing a breach of the peace. Further, the insulting words and behaviour must take place in the street. Section 54 of the Metropolitan Police Act, in which this sub-section occurs, deals with a medley of offences from prostitution to kite flying, both of which are prohibited on the thoroughfare. But though the sub-section was no doubt originally intended not to prevent political propaganda, but personal abuse leading to riot, it has been used by the police against any vociferous expression of Left Wing opinion. Thus to hand a German visitor a leaflet condemning the present Government of the Reich has been held by one Metropolitan police magistrate at least to be insulting behaviour. In this case the German visitor, who did not give evidence, was admittedly hurrying for a train. Under such circumstances it might be supposed that he would have hardly had the leisure, even if he had the inclination, to commit that breach of the peace whose threat is an essential part of the offence. But however that may be, so far as Fascists are concerned, it appears to be the policy of the police only to prosecute in those few cases when they do, where an actual, as opposed to a constructive, breach of the peace is on the point of occurring.

The second method of dealing with provocative speakers is by the use of a Statute of Edward III, which empowers magistrates to bind over for good behaviour anyone whom they think may break the peace together with "all them that are not of good fame." This latter is an extensive class and has recently been held to include a man who persistently warned street bookmakers of the approach of the police.

The extent of this power is defined by two leading cases. The first of these arose through the activities of the Salvation Army in Weston-super-Mare. Some fifty years ago their commander in that town was one Captain Beatty. Every time Captain Beatty led out his band they were set upon by a rival organisation, the Skeleton Army, and, in consequence, every Sunday at the Salvation Army's Church parade a riot occurred. Finally the magistrates bound over Captain Beatty. He appealed and it was held that the magistrates had no such power. Captain Beatty had not himself intended any breach of the peace. The breach had occurred through the action of the Skeleton Army. Captain Beatty could not be bound over for doing something in itself lawful and to which the only objection was that it raised the antipathy of his opponents.

Against this stands the decision in the case of Wise *v.* Dunning. Mr. Wise was a Protestant lecturer in Liverpool. It was his custom to go, wearing a rosary and accompanied by a body of his supporters, to Roman Catholic districts and there speak on what he conceived to be the evils of Catholicism. His remarks aroused to fury his Catholic hearers whom he referred to invariably as "rednecks." On occasions they would make an attack on the platform. But Mr. Wise never called upon his followers to retaliate, nor did he do anything to encourage them to commit a breach of the peace. He placed his trust in the police to defend the rights of free speech. Finally, after a particularly violent meeting he was bound over by the magistrates. He too appealed, relying on the precedent set in Beatty's case. But the court distinguished between the two. If, said the judges, the disturbance of the peace was the natural consequence of any person's acts that person might be bound over.

If the advisers of the Attorney General and the Home Secretary consider the behaviour of Fascist speakers is more akin to that of Mr. Wise than to that of Captain Beatty, then they have all the necessary powers to act. BARRISTER

DICTATORSHIP IN THE WILD

IT is interesting to investigate the possibilities and limitations of dictatorship in the wild, since human attributes are often crudely mirrored in the so-called lower animals. Numerous species of widely divergent but highly sociable and gregarious creatures appear to approve of some variant of dictatorship; others would seem to flourish under a diametrically opposite system. For typical examples of dictatorship one naturally turns to the animals nearest akin to ourselves—the primates and more especially the man-like apes. The highest of them all—the gorilla—has of late years been made the subject of careful observations in the wild. Apparently this great ape regulates its society on lines which doubtless foreshadowed the complex society of civilised and semi-civilised men to-day. Gorilla society is held together on a system of overlords and consists of a large number of family parties, each self-contained, never mixing with other similar parties. Each is under the dominance of a giant male. Such a party consists primarily of the overlord in question, his wives and a few young males, presumably his own offspring. These family groups appear to live in complete concord, and the leader's dictatorship would seem to be seldom if ever disputed. By day the entire community forages amicably in the jungle, and at night all go aloft in some tree selected by the overlord. There they make platforms of twigs and go to sleep, the "master" remaining on the ground, where he sleeps with arms folded on his breast and his back planted firmly against the tree trunk. Until he awakes and announces the recommencement of activity shortly after dawn none dare venture to regain the ground. Within the narrow confines of gorilla society this simple system of government appears to give general satisfaction, and until he becomes senile there is little evidence of the overlord's authority being set at defiance, or his right to rule being disputed by rival males.

In the much larger social communities of the baboon monkeys frequenting open country dictatorship, though possibly effective, is less happy in its general prosecution. Here the overlord system is seen on the grand scale, the strong arm of such potentates holding together the main troop of often over a hundred individuals. Each overlord has his harem and numerous bachelor followers. These latter often give trouble, since they are aspirants to the dictatorship. There is not only constant rivalry amongst them, but each has his eye, so to speak, upon the marshal's baton, and authority may be wrested from the overlord upon the slightest hint that he is no longer quick-witted or powerful enough to assert it. A vanquished overlord may obtain other wives, but more usually joins—perforce—the great unwedded, but whilst his strength and his mental and muscular powers last his authority is very real. Numerous observations have recorded how when a small or weak baboon may be left behind, when the troop is retreating before a well-armed foe, the "leader" will safeguard the straggler and, marshalling a few equally courageous elders, bring him back into the security of the main body. Such a dictator will likewise take the lead in most enterprises, as for instance when giving battle to a common foe or raiding a plantation.

Every fox-hunter knows the undeniable influence which one old and experienced hound will exert over the pack, and the judicious encouragement of such a leader is a greater guarantee of good discipline than any exertion of the master's voice or whip. Much the same principle is seen at work amongst packs of wild dogs and wolves. At Whipsnade Park this has been carefully noted for some years. By day the wolves readily acknowledge their keeper's authority, but with dusk they fall under the dictatorship of their own recognised leader. There is a tendency for the pack to converge in crescent formation upon anyone entering "Wolf Wood." Certain leader wolves on the flanks of the pack act as officers to the others and direct their movements largely at the command of one particular wolf, whose years, size and sagacity have made him, for the time being, their acknowledged head.

Amongst many ruminants and other hoofed animals—deer, musk oxen, wild horses and elephants—dictatorship of a kind shows itself at all times. The "male leader" usually leads the way to new feeding grounds, and when danger threatens marshals the elder males on the outskirts of the troop, the females and young being confined within a form of living palisade.

Leadership may thus be seen even amongst domestic sheep, especially in the case of horned breeds. A strange dog entering the pasture at once brings the oldest ram to the front, and behind him in order of seniority some of the other males who, taking their time from him, intimidate the common foe by stamping their feet and indulging in other hostile demonstrations.

Confusion of thought obtains in the popular conceptions of the vast insect "social states" as seen amongst bees and ants. Such insects are commonly stated to possess queens, and many romantic inaccuracies have been put in circulation concerning these potentates. In actuality queen bees and ants are mere egg-laying factories, whose peculiar efforts are vital to the ultimate survival of the community as a whole, and who exert nothing analogous to conscious directorate.

E. G. BOULENGER

Correspondence

BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY

SIR,—Various clear indications prove that our Government considers a European war in the near future by no means unlikely. Other indications, rather less clear, suggest that, when the war comes, we are to fight on the side of Hitler. The clearest of these indications is the line we have taken on the Dardanelles question, and the leading article, "Enter Russia," in the *Times* of July 9. As yet, however, we are not definitely committed. I wish to suggest reasons why all possible efforts should be made to prevent the irrevocable adoption of such a policy.

First: the Nazi Government is undoubtedly the one most disposed to risk a general war. Support by us makes it much more likely that they will make the venture.

Second: France, after a period of reaction, has lately acquired a vigorous democratic socialistic government, which is attempting to carry out a policy—*e.g.*, in regard to the munitions industry and the Bank of France—that all Socialists must view with sympathy. Shall we join in ruining France and substituting a Fascist government?

Third: Russia has been engaged in a great experiment, and seems now on the point of success; moreover, with success, there is to be some measure of democracy. The desire to prevent Soviet success is, apparently, the principal motive of our reactionaries in wishing to help the Nazis to establish a White Terror in Russia.

Fourth: Japan, which is allied to Germany, is engaged in enslaving China, and will almost certainly succeed if we help in making Japan invincible.

Fifth: from the point of view of British Imperialism, the support of Germany and Japan is madness. We shall lose, first, what remains of our position in the Far East; then, after the destruction of France and Russia, we shall be unable to prevent the Japanese from taking India or the Germans from taking our Crown Colonies. But this argument may be left to Mr. Winston Churchill.

Sixth: a German victory means the extension to all Europe (including Great Britain) of the Fascist method of keeping wage-earners in subjection; it may well mean the establishment, for centuries, of a new kind of serfdom.

We have, I admit, grievances against France, but they are not of the same order of importance as the above considerations. For neutrality in the next war there are strong arguments, the strongest of which is that the effects of a great war would be worse than subjugation by Hitler; but for siding with Germany the only reasons are so sinister that they cannot be avowed. I agree with Miss Rathbone that this is no time for the Labour Party to attack those Ministers who remain friendly to France, and therefore to Russia also. What matters at this moment is to see that our weight is not thrown against peace, freedom, democracy, and the rights of wage-earners, in favour of war, dictatorship, suppression of all intelligent thought, and a system of permanent social and political inequality. BERTRAND RUSSELL

Telegraph House,
Harting, Petersfield.

SIR,—I find the conclusion of your leading article on "The End of Collective Security" difficult to understand. What, to be precise, is the "frankly revolutionary policy to which Labour is committed"? What is the meaning of the sentence "Only on a policy of war resistance to this government can Labour retain unity"?

I infer that you are opposed to any increase in this country's armaments. If so, are you in favour of (*a*) no armaments at all or (*b*) inadequate armaments? Yet I do not infer that you favour a policy of isolationism and a complete withdrawal of this country from the affairs of Europe. The conclusion seems to be that you are opposed to this country's possessing armaments so long as the present Government is in power, because you believe that they intend to use them for some sinister purpose of which you disapprove. Could you state what this sinister purpose is?

I hope you will answer all these questions, even if I give you a chance of avoiding them by adding something positive of my own which, in face of the perplexities of the problem, is probably open to criticism. I desire those countries, whose fundamental policies are peaceful, to be as formidable as possible. I believe that our own country belongs to this group, and can be trusted, whatever Government is in power, not to use its armaments for sinister purposes. The leadership of this group obviously belongs to ourselves, France, Russia and the United States; its membership includes the whole world except Germany, Italy and Japan. We have two tasks before us; first, consciously and avowedly to belong to this group, to give it leadership, body and coherence and to work out means of effective co-operation; and, secondly, to make it collectively so formidable that only a madman will affront it. The first task means that, in common with Mr. Duff Cooper, we must seek primarily a close accord with France, especially with its present Government, secondarily an understanding with Russia, and finally, to the limited extent that she

will allow it, the habit of intimate conversation and mutual confidence between ourselves and the United States; whilst the recognition of the second task involves us in supporting the programme of rearmament.

Of course, I do not deny the existence of a party in this country which totally disagrees with the above policy and favours an understanding with the brigand Powers. This party has secured a measure of popular sympathy because some people believe, falsely in my opinion, that this policy is more likely than any other to keep this country out of war. It includes the extreme anti-Bolsheviks and the extreme pacifists, so that the line of division cuts across the political boundaries. It is noticeable, however, that those leading Conservatives, who avowedly belong to this group, have been strictly excluded by Mr. Baldwin from his Cabinet or, as in the case of Lord Londonderry, evicted from it.

I also acknowledge and deplore the disastrous incompetence and the humiliating failures of our own and the French Foreign Offices. Nevertheless, a state of inadequate armament on our part can only encourage the brigand Powers who know no argument but force, and will play, in the long run, into the hands of those who would like us to acquiesce by inaction in these powers doing pretty much what they like in the world, so long as they agree not to lay hands, for the time being, on any of our own imperial interests. Can I not persuade you that the collective possession of preponderant force by the leading pacific Powers is, in the conditions of to-day, the best assurance of peace; and that there is no reason to believe that Mr. Baldwin or Mr. Eden or Mr. Duff Cooper is a partisan of the brigands?

46 Gordon Square, W.C. J. M. KEYNES

[Mr. Keynes' letter is based on the assumption that the present British Government may still co-operate with France and Russia in restoring the collective system. We believe, for a variety of reasons, some of which we stated in our last week's leading article, that this is a delusion. If Mr. Eden stood up in Geneva this September and repeated Sir Samuel Hoare's speech of last September no one would pay more than the tribute of a smile. In fact, however, nothing of the sort will take place. The Fascist Powers now know that they have nothing to fear from this Government, armed or unarmed, unless they attack the British Empire or invade the Western front. We attribute no sinister purpose to Mr. Eden, Mr. Baldwin, or Mr. Duff Cooper, but their personal goodwill has nothing to do with the fact that the collective system is gone, and that the ruling classes in this country are every day displaying themselves willing victims of German propaganda. In these circumstances it is impossible to say what armaments are wanted, for we have no idea for what purpose they are to be used. As regards the first two questions, we pointed out that Labour is committed to fight if necessary for the Covenant and resist all other types of war. We cannot attempt in a footnote to suggest the form which this resistance might take.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

SOCIALISTS AND PACIFISM

SIR,—I am disappointed to see that no official of any of the Left-wing peace organisations has written to point out the full implications of the Rev. Dick Sheppard's peace crusade appeal appearing in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of July 4th. His movement has now achieved a formidable size. It is, in my experience, appealing not only to the convinced absolute pacifist but to a large number of people with only slight political knowledge but with a recent realisation of the fearful imminence of war, who are fascinated by the direct simplicity of this crusade.

Most Socialists showed their sympathy with the absolute pacifists by their attitude to George Lansbury's resignation last autumn. But signatories to these postcards should realise that by signing they are putting themselves into direct opposition to the policies at present laid down by the British Left-wing parties (except the I.L.P.), the League of Nations Union, and the largest anti-war organisations, and by the governments of France, the U.S.S.R., and all the smaller progressive states in Europe. They are therefore setting their faces against the one movement in the world which has lately seemed to offer some hope for the future—the United Popular Front—both nationally and internationally.

It is possible that in its obscure reference to a declaration of policy in October, the Peace Pledge Union is anticipating this criticism. But it is difficult to see how their post card declaration of pacifism can even be anything but isolationist in character; and it is in any event unusual for a movement to call for adherents before announcing its constructive policy. We must hope that 100,000 women are not willing to buy their pig in a poke.

Little Chalfont, Bucks. MICHAEL GORDON

THE USE OF MUSEUMS

SIR,—I was delighted to see the article "A New Deal for Museums" in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. I have spent a long life in museum work in Liverpool and your article very ably expresses the views I have always held, that natural groups and descriptive models, etc., should be used to illustrate the life and activities around us. This could be developed so much more in our local museums. Norwich has appreciated this fact and has advanced considerably in this direction. Not only have they an Industrial, a Folk Lore, a Church Art Museum, but in a section of the Castle Museum and Art Gallery they have produced the very latest thing in dioramas of interesting parts of Norfolk in the Norfolk Room. It contains a series of dioramas of the great bird sanctuaries: 1. The Breydon at Yarmouth. 2. The home of many rare birds, Hickling Broad. 3. The well-known Scolt Island. 4. A section of the Brecklands. These dioramas are beautifully constructed with background from nature painted by an expert at dioramas and the foreground modelled to show the natural fauna and flora. They are electrically lighted and toned to give a most natural effect. Visitors are not "recommended" to read the labels, these exhibits speak for themselves and people flock to see them.

It is not only mammal, bird and plant life that is suitable for such treatment. Geology could be made an interesting and attractive subject by showing well-constructed models in place of rows of small rock specimens with long labels. The geological gallery is always the dullest place in the museum and the most frequently empty. The cases could contain interesting models of the formation and denudation of rocks (the earth's crust and its modifications caused by weather, ocean, and man). The actual specimens of rock could be arranged in cabinet drawers for the use of "serious students." Archæological and prehistoric collections could be treated in the same way.

J. W. CUTMORE,
Keeper of Zoology, Free Public Museums, Liverpool (retired).

65 Derby Lane,
Liverpool.

SWEDEN AND ENGLAND

SIR,—As one who has lived for twelve years in Sweden, permit me to express to you the pleasure it gave me to read the informative and amusing "Scandinavian Diary" in your last week's issue.

I do think your picture errs a little on the side of rosiness; there are plenty of prostitutes (though you may not have recognised the Scandinavian variety), and if there is little syphilis, there is no lack of gonorrhea, nor, I may add, of the equally terrible, though less sensational, scourges of tuberculosis and mental disease. But in the main you are right: the Scandinavian countries have saner social legislation than perhaps any European country outside Russia, and where laws are foolish, they are often tacitly disregarded. There is, for example, a law against the sale of contraceptives of any description, but, as you no doubt observed, there are quite as many birth-control shops in Stockholm as in London. When the Socialist Government came in a few years ago, someone moved to repeal this law. But another member rose to point out that since no one paid the slightest attention to it anyhow, there was no need to go to the bother of repealing it!

The marriage laws are even more sensible and humane than you indicate. Not only is it no bar to a divorce that both parties want one; when this is the case, no cause for the divorce need even be given, since it is assumed that the mutual desire for it is in itself a proof that the parties no longer belong together, whether adultery has taken place or not. When only one of the two desires a divorce, the reasons are, in fairness to both, gone into, and incompatibility is as good a cause as adultery—often, indeed, a better. Mediation is frequently effected, and the case never goes into open court at all, unless there is disagreement about the children. These are not allotted to one parent because of the "guilt" of the other, but by agreement between the parents, or, failing this, by decree of the court, who decide on the parent that is the more indispensable to the children's welfare—usually, when the children are small, the mother.

One of the secondary results of these marriage laws is that there is very little washing of soiled linen in public. The papers make the most of the rare murders that occur, but a divorce is definitely not "news."

Compared with Sweden, England has indeed much that is stupid, short-sighted and barbarous. But it has a climate you can joke about, and its people are cheerful, full of humour and easy to get on with. The Swedish climate and the meagreness of its soil have brought forth a people who are moody and sullen, and are haunted by a perennial *Wanderlust* which has driven them to the four corners of the earth. The winters are long and depressing, and the summers so painfully brief that they give to a sensitive nature a feeling of impending death.

Sweden, moreover, is off in a corner by itself comparatively, isolated and lonely, and ghastly dull to live in, rather like a great, overgrown provincial town. With all our slums and dirt and idiotic laws and worse law-makers, we do sit at the heart of the world, and are part and parcel of the teeming humanity. Some day, when we get it all cleaned up, it will be heaven!

9 Bayley Street, W.C.1. (Mrs.) PAULA WIKING

THE DISCONTENTS OF LABOUR

SIR,—The writer of the very interesting article which appeared under the above heading in your issue of July 11th raises the important question of the limits of the wage-earners' standard of living in a country which depends largely upon foreign trade, and the influence of the wage levels of other countries in fixing these limits.

In a country on the gold standard, or in a country not on the gold standard but with a "pegged" exchange, the wage level of the workers must, undeniably, be limited to some extent by the wage levels of other countries. But in a country not on the gold standard, whose currency is free to fluctuate, there is not, I submit, any necessary connection between the wage level of its workers and that of other countries.

The relatively high level of British wages, your contributor admits, helped this country to meet the difficulties which followed the collapse of 1929. It would not have helped had Britain remained on the gold standard. The relief came when Britain left the gold standard.

High wages stimulate demand in the home market and at the same time create a demand for overseas products. The demand for overseas products in a country with no exchange restrictions results in a depreciation of the currency. This depreciation stimulates the export trade, and the interplay of these factors produces, or tends to produce, a balance between imports and exports.

High wages will not improve the wage-earners' standard of living if prices rise as fast as wages rise. Higher wages must be accompanied by stability in the purchasing power of wages to be of real benefit. The constant increase in the productivity of labour makes this possible, but to achieve it we must revise our ideas about wages and prices.

It is when prices show a tendency to fall that wages should be increased. Stability in the price level cannot be secured unless prices are controlled by wages, not wages by prices. That, however, is rather away from my main contention, although bound up with it. If Britain remains off the gold standard, the standard of living of the workers in this country need not be controlled by the wage level in other countries. HIGH WAGES

GOD-CONTROL

SIR,—I should like to criticise the judgment passed on a great movement by Kingsley Martin in the above article, speaking of Wesley's revival. I cannot do better than quote from Somervell's *History of Our Religion:*

> From the master's point of view, Methodism might seem a convenient and unexpected ally. At the moment, Chapel and Trade Unionism might be rival claimants for the worker's scanty supply of spare energy and spare money. In the long run, however, it is probable that the Chapels helped the workers to train themselves to fight their own battles. They provided education in Sunday schools. Also the old Calvinistic system of democratic management helped to train the Chapel-goer in the arts of democracy for secular as well as religious purposes. The management of the Chapel affairs, the choosing of the minister, the committees and debates, even the little quarrels and faction making that such affairs always involve: all these things helped to fit the Chapel-goer to play his part in the Trade Union when, after 1824, Trade Unions ceased to be secret conspiracies and were again recognised by the law as the workman's organisation for defence.

Mr. Martin's views are too short. Many who would not think of calling themselves Methodists can yet look back with gratitude to that stream of selfless energy which was released by that great movement and has passed into our national life. And perhaps it may be so in time with the Oxford Group Movement. It may not succeed in reforming the world, but it may leave it permanently improved! MARY T. REES

Fawcett House,
St. Felix School, Southwold.

[Some good as well as evil came from the Methodist revival. But this does not affect the conclusion that Buchmanism is unconsciously part of the Fascist movement.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—As a member of the Oxford Groups, although only a "fringer" (that is to say not an active worker, as all members are supposed to be, or member of any team), I thank Mr. Kingsley Martin for his useful criticism. I wish to acknowledge its partial justice, but also to point out why that justice is only partial and where I think it fails to appreciate essential points.

(*a*) So far as the idea and tendency of the movement to-day is concerned, the Oxford Groups are revolutionary in a social and political sense, but this tendency is still in its early stages and still imperfectly in evidence. We must distinguish between the tendency of the movement on the one hand and its shortcomings on the other. The tendency is sound, but we do not yet know how far it will carry us.

(*b*) The main idea is this: Let the individual be absolutely and unreservedly given to the Spirit and it will be told him what he is to do. This applies to all spheres of life, social and political as well as domestic and commercial. For that reason no social or political programme can be put forward: we cannot write God's programme for him, we can only carry it out step by step as it is revealed to us; God, not man, the promptings of the Spirit, not human thinking or partisanship, is to plan the revolution.

(*c*) Flags represent the nationalities of the groups. If there is no group in Russia, and if Russian groupers are now Latvian or Estonian by nationality, the Russian flag will not appear. Further, the Russian flag suggests not only nationality or economic theory, but also godlessness and the principle of progress through strife and hatred rather than through love. The omission is not mere class or party prejudice. Nevertheless, since the impression thereby made is so regrettable it does seem to show some lack of inspiration that the difficulty cannot be surmounted.

(*d*) That the terms of settlements effected under spiritual conditions have not been published is unfortunate. Various explanations are possible. More may be published soon.

R. GORDON MILBURN

Miscellany

THOUGHTS AFTER THE OPERA SEASON

Now that the opera season at Glyndebourne and at Covent Garden has concluded, one's thoughts naturally turn to the future. What is to be the policy next year at Covent Garden and at Glyndebourne? This is a matter which must be of interest to all music lovers, and it is admittedly with a view to influencing future events that I shall set forth certain suggestions for consideration by the management of these two operatic enterprises.

With regard to Covent Garden, it is clear that both the press and the public were sufficiently sympathetic with the difficulties of Sir Thomas Beecham and his directors to accept their very unadventurous policy during the past season with very little comment. Two cycles of the "Ring" and some miscellaneous operas, most of which have been frequently performed during the past ten years, were produced with considerable efficiency, while some good new singers, including Kirsten Flagstad, were introduced. The general improvement in the stage management and the fact that several of these new singers were distinctly above the average made amends for the hackneyed nature of the repertory. The revival of Offenbach's *Coutes d'Hoffman*, which was the nearest thing to a real novelty, came very successfully, but at the end of the season, and it should be repeated next year. The financial result was, I believe, the best for some years and this improvement has been even more marked in the case of the ballet season which is still flourishing with almost record attendances. The management should, therefore, be in a better position now than it has been in the past and we are accordingly justified in expecting a little more enterprise next year. It is worth, then, considering what we should like to hear at Covent Garden next season, especially as arrangements have to be made a long way ahead and it will be none too soon for Sir Thomas Beecham to begin reflecting upon them before his concert season begins.

The eighteenth of December next will be the 150th anniversary of the birth of Carl Maria von Weber (1786–1826), one of the masters of German opera, whose work has been unjustly obscured by the far greater popularity, but, in my opinion, inferior genius of Richard Wagner. Cannot Covent Garden honour his memory and delight all true music lovers with a production either of *Euryanthe* or of *Oberon*, neither of which has been heard at Covent Garden since the war? A worthy production of either of those operas would be one of the most creditable things that Covent Garden could do and would go a long way towards winning for it the respect and gratitude of all our music lovers. Then I may mention that it is time we heard at Covent Garden some of the less hackneyed of Verdi's operas. Such, for example, as *Simone Boccanegra* or *Macbeth*. Finally, for it is no use making too many suggestions for Covent Garden, is it not about time that Sir Thomas Beecham fulfilled his intention of producing there in its entirety Berlioz's *Les Troyens*? If this is too big a task for next year then at least he might let us hear the same composer's *Benvenuto Cellini*, which Glasgow revealed to all who did not know it as an opera of extraordinary originality and brilliance, far superior to most of the operas performed year after year at Covent Garden.

And now for Glyndebourne! It is amusing to see how Mr. John Christie is being persuasively led to the idea of giving a British opera at Glyndebourne. He may be said to have almost all the musicians of England in a circle watching him. The circle, I notice, is closing slowly, the victim is marked down and will sooner or later fall a paralysed prey to—patriotism!! I can see that to politicians it might well appear as if our national prestige is at stake when Glyndebourne begins to rival Salzburg as an international attraction for visitors from all parts of the world, and yet not a single British opera is being performed there; but is this how it should appear to musicians? British musicians are more popular at present with our Foreign Office than is any other section of the British public. So much special assistance is given to propaganda on behalf of British music abroad by all sorts of means, including the giving of concerts of British compositions played by British artists in the principal foreign cities all over Europe, including Scandinavia, that I think there might be one place, namely England (or shall we say Glyndebourne?) where German, Austrian, Italian, French or some other non-British music might be heard. I am all against this deliberate artistic propaganda, yet one has to face the fact that every nation is cultivating propaganda more and more assiduously and perhaps it is too much to expect one not to do what the others do.

Quite apart from this, however, it is natural enough to want to hear a British opera at Glyndebourne, but apart from Purcell's *King Arthur* and *Dido and Aeneas*, what could possibly be given there? Even for these Purcell works, of undeniable historic and musical interest, we cannot claim priority. There are many greater musical compositions in opera than those which on the ground of their intrinsic merit deserve to be produced at Glyndebourne before we ever hear Purcell there. Yet, no doubt, it would be interesting and, I think, advisable on artistic grounds to hear a more varied repertory at Glyndebourne. Even the tremendous genius of Mozart will suffer by being isolated there without contrast season after season; the question is, however, what operas are there that can be given at Glyndebourne without declining from the standard of Mozart? Personally, I assume that the function of Glyndebourne is not to produce new works but to give the classical masterpieces of opera in such perfection that the performances will be a stimulus to all musicians and composers. To produce new operas there—at present, at any rate—would in my opinion be a fundamental blunder which would end by destroying Glyndebourne. Therefore, there should be no attempt on the part of English musicians or critics to try to force Mr. John Christie to produce there an opera by Vaughan Williams or by German musicians to produce Richard Strauss. Later on it may be desirable that a fresh development should take place at Glyndebourne, but at present what is needed is that other neglected masterpieces should be given there with the same degree of perfection as we have witnessed in the Mozart productions.

Now what are the works which we ought to be given an opportunity to hear at Glyndebourne as early as possible? It is not hard to answer this question. In the first place, we need some relief from the comic bias which is prevalent in the Mozart operas, and this would be marvellously met by three or four of Gluck's greatest works, such as *Orpheus*, *Alceste*, and *Iphigenia in Tauride*. The majesty and repose of Gluck are unique in opera and these great works would make an enormous impression if adequately performed. In fact, I do not hesitate to declare that the revelation of Gluck to the present-day musical public is one of the finest achievements that any public-spirited person like Mr. Christie could wish to make. Then Weber's *Oberon*, an opera composed specially for London, would be an ideal work for Glyndebourne and here again we have a masterpiece that is absolutely unknown to our musical public. Gluck's *Armide*, which in its dreamy fantasy is in a somewhat different category to his great tragic music dramas, might well be produced at Glyndebourne. Then, in order not to overweigh the repertory with tragic drama—if one were looking for a comic opera on the same high level as Mozart's *Figaro* or *Così fan Tutte*, there is the unknown comic Shakespearean opera of Berlioz, *Beatrice and Benedict*, awaiting Mr. Christie's attention.

Nobody could seriously argue that there exists any opera by any contemporary composers, British or Continental, which could be considered as on the same plane as any of the works by Gluck, Weber and Berlioz which I have just mentioned. If Mr. Christie were to present these at Glyndebourne in the way that Mozart's operas have been given, he would be doing the greatest possible artistic service to British musicians and the British public, and he would also free music lovers from the tyranny of the Wagner and post-Wagner school which has for the last fifty years obscured from view many great works far superior to any of its own production.

W. J. TURNER

EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL

Fortunate the man who can reconcile lunatic ambitions with a love of his own door-knocker.

A woman leant forward from the group round the fire, repeating: "Give me Blake, give me Blake, every time!"

Miss —— awaits a letter. She has waited all her life. What the letter could be no one knows, least of all herself.

An amateur of spaghetti: died, from swallowing the fork.

To a joker: Must you always grin? Remember, your skull will be grinning through eternity.

A window-box: the row of daffodils, gay asterisks.

In the evening at Arles I came to a small square, in one corner of which was a tailor's shop with half-a-dozen dummies in new suits outside. This rank of stalwarts, seen suddenly in the dusk, gave me my first shock, which was succeeded by the realisation that the middle figure was smoking a cigarette. It was the tailor standing in the doorway among his models.

At the corner of the road a man tells his dog to go home. The little scene is enacted a dozen times, as though at a rehearsal; unfortunately, the dog never remembers his part.

"Even reading a poem I enjoy, I feel there is something missing."
"Oh, what?"
"Myself."

When my neighbours go out, Mr. Samson advances with cautious dignity, followed at a short distance by his ladies. From time to time he looks back as if to make sure they are there. He shares this habit with the baboons on Monkey Hill.

Mrs. Samson, who snores without knowing it. "But if you could hear yourself . . ." her husband insists. Sometimes she wakes suddenly in the night with the feeling that there has been a noise in the house. Burglars? the nursery? a servant creeping downstairs? Disquieting enough; but worse, the suspicion that, as Mr. Samson says, she has been snoring and has woken almost in time to hear herself.

Parting shot to those you have bored: "I hope I haven't bored you."

In moments of depression I envy those daft poets who think themselves the centre of the universe. Yet there are writers more impotent and wretched than I—waiting perhaps to pick up my fag-ends.

A bumble-bee flies in at the window and for a few minutes booms round the walls. I have time to admire his rich fur, encasing a plump form, his black facings and head brushed with gold. Obviously a first-class passenger; and being stingless, he seems a very amiable representative of the idle rich.

Hope and Despair, indefatigable wrestlers.

Humanity at the sea: that annual flirtation in which day after day the great trull advances and withdraws her petticoat fringe, while her Lilliputian admirers gaze in stupor or trot timidly forward to bury themselves in the lace.

An old man was trotting neatly, energetically along the road. As he passed the green, head down, he cut across the path of two black horses drawing a funeral carriage. "Oh, pardon!" He jumped nimbly aside, snatched off his hat and reverently watched the carriage pass. The hearse was empty; to any onlooker, alas, it might have seemed as though the old man had saluted his own death.

A landscape watched by an aeroplane: how that purr changes everything, what a different sky we know from that of our ancestors!

The birds on the telegraph wires are silent, no doubt because their song is so different from the musical score they write on the sky.

You open the desolate drawers in a hotel bedroom, laying a shirt in one, some ties in another, and in the smallest drawer you find the hair-combings of the previous occupant.

At a religious meeting in Hyde Park a negro repeated with a timid smile, "And they hung Jesus Christ like a kipper."

Prose literature should be immediate, like poetry and music, and not always "about" something.

The mind: how dark it's getting, but I do not turn on the light.

Once I was afraid of a blank sheet of paper. It was like facing an eternity on which the minutes had to be inscribed.

This chip of wood freckled by the rain, it might be a moth. Ah, it has flown away.

At the Zoo a parrot croaked "Hullo" in a harlot's voice.

April snow. From a sky of fat soapsuds a grey purple mist advances, darkens, encircles. The snow begins to fall, blown gaily across. Pictures: A flock of sheep, the bleat of lambs answered by their dams' tenor; a child on the road opening its mouth to catch the snowflakes; a field on which a curtain of snow, lit by the sunshine, rustles past—a pointillist painting.

Do you want a book? No, a cushion—give me that Fitzgerald.

A man and a woman, at the performance of Berlioz's *Enfance du Christ*, nudged each other and grinned. Perhaps they enjoy music but they enjoy their own piggishness more. Impalpable the threads linking either to Berlioz, but that giggle binds them together through life.

He had deflowered a thousand virgins, and tasted debauchery with a million harlots, in his dreams, before that first visit to a bedroom at the top of a tall staircase.

Newspaper paragraph from California: "A mechanical man made of iron, which has been performing with a revolver at an exhibition here, was firing at a target last night when it turned round and shot its creator through the head."

After such rain we hardly dared look in the garden. A watery line of sunlight pointed to one corner where everything had been smashed. The lupins!—their rotundas and spires fallen, the columns snapped, a broken wheel lifting wet spokes to the sky—had the whole town collapsed?

G. W. STONIER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Blackbirds" at the Gaiety

The Blackbirds have become (shades of Florence Mills) somewhat blue birds, nor is their material of the best. The revue lacks cohesion and arrangement, and there are far too many pretentious numbers, of which "Akosiah's Wedding," except as an essay in outwedding the cake, may be singled out as an example of how not to do things. The scintillating toe-work of old is still here, particularly in the case of the Four Bobs, and the chorus is as charming as ever, especially No. 4 from the left, whose hair has not lost its kink and whose yellow is not as high as most of her fellow-coryphées. But the principals are nothing like so good as they used to be. Miss Maude Russell cannot hold a candle to her predecessors, nor can Miss Lavaida Carter compensate for the loss of Miss Edith Wilson's fruity voice and shaking flanks. Mr. Gallie de Gaston does the broad comedy well, and Mr. Tim Moore as his frail foil belongs to a good tradition, but it is Mr. Harold Nicholas, an engaging young gentleman hardly out of his pickaninny clothes, who steals the show. With all the assurance of Miss Shirley Temple, and a voice that rivals Master Lock's, he struts his stuff with infinite charm, and the "twinkle which he keeps in his eye" in the principal number of the revue would fascinate a much less hard-bitten set of ladies than those behind him. There was far too little of him and far too much of the Rosamond Johnson choir, though in all fairness to them it must be admitted that the audience seemed to enjoy them enormously. An entertainment presented by Mr. C. B. Cochran, but lacking his finesse.

Ballets Russes at Covent Garden

A peregrinating ballet company can never hope to reach the same technical standard as a permanently endowed ballet, and the proof of this is to be found in the enormous improvement which takes place in the performances of the Ballets Russes at Covent Garden after the first weeks of their season. It is unfortunate that critics see the early performances and often judge exclusively from them. For example, the performance of *Aurora's Wedding* last Tuesday night, on the occasion of the reappearance of Lydia Sokolova and Mathilde Kchessiaska in a divertissement, was vastly superior to that in the first week of the season; in fact it was probably the most brilliant performance of this ballet that has ever been given in London—Toumanova, Baronova, Riabouchinska, Guerard, Petroff, etc., being in splendid form. Of the four items making up the divertissement two stood out above the others, namely, the fine "Danse Slave" choreography by Nijinska to excellent music by Dargomijsky from the opera *Roussalka*, which was beautifully danced by Danilova with a small corps de ballet; the other being a "Danse Russe" by Liadov in which Sokolova revealed again her exceptional abilities as a dancer. The Danse Boyard, in which the famous prima ballerina of the Imperial Russian ballet, Mathilde Kchessiaska, now about 65 years old, made a reappearance, was chiefly of historic interest, although one could discern that Mme. Kchessiaska has been a dancer of extraordinary talent. The production of "Les Présages" in black dancing "tights" was an interesting event. It was a distinct improvement on the old décor because it showed up better Massine's abstract choreography, but the setting of column and rocks was a compromise rather than a solution of the problem. It is worth noting that the orchestra also played on this evening better than it has been doing and the enormous enthusiasm of the crowded audience was justified on this occasion.

"Poppy," at the Plaza

That plausible, impossible scamp, W. C. Fields, most engaging and reprehensible of screen characters, is as delightful as ever in this poorly directed and worse photographed film version of the Dorothy Donnelly play in which, on the stage, he was first discovered for Hollywood by D. W. Griffith. This is W. C. Fields's twenty-third film, and he has made it once before, under Griffith, when it was called *Sally of the Sawdust*. Not since his stage success or that first silent picture has Mr. Fields quite learned his lines as Professor Eustace McGargle, patent-medicine peddler, juggler, pseudo-parent and bereaved widower—but his mumbled flow of pomposities, pretence, dignified dishonesty and optimism is as smooth and rapturous as, in a world of dupes and persecutors, his opportunities allow—and these never fail him, he is never stumped for a word of excuse or a chance of deception. So most of the knockabout in this film is a waste of time and talent—the light of hope, dismay or cunning on that rubbery countenance is funnier by far than any fall or blow the rest of his anatomy sustains—and half the film is too soupy and insipid to be tolerable in close-up, but Miss Rochelle Hudson looks sweet as McGargle's "little plum," and on the whole it makes a pleasant, rambling comedy, hard to praise but easy to enjoy. The British "musical" showing in the same programme—*Everything is Rhythm*—is much better photographed than the Fields' film, and very well orchestrated. No one acts even adequately in it, except Clarissa Selwyn and Princess Pearl, who, we fully realise, is the wife of the star, Harry Roy. As the dance-band leader who scores a world-wide triumph with his new "hot" number, *The International*—yes, even in Moscow—Mr. Roy proves emphatically, by vulgar facial contortions and antics, that jazz (and his, particularly) should be heard and not seen. It simply asks to be put on the spot—a blind spot, or the broadcasting studio. There are two touches of fantasy in this film, one of them probably original, and both missing direction. The chorines are clumsy and the rhythms O.K.

"The Suicide Club," at the Empire

This film is a typical Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer potboiler—glittering, stereotyped, as polished and as empty as a gong. It is easy to watch, because it is made with almost masterly competence, and it is just a bit too easy to understand because we know all along what's coming, and how. Fluent in its own cinematographic idiom, but somewhat inhibited by its reverence for a classic—Robert Louis Stevenson wrote the story—this commendable, anodyne picture sticks to all the rules, slows itself down politely to keep pace with the quaint verbosity of a great literary artist, and achieves an effect of romance as obvious as an opera-cloak. The heir to the throne of Carolia, in London incognito, joins the mysterious Suicide Club. The President of the Club is his sworn political enemy, an exiled agitator, whom he kills, after various lucky escapes, in a duel. And who may the alluring fellow-member be with whom he falls in love? None other than the Princess of Irania, incognita, who had refused his hand when he was merely a Royal Duke. It only remains to add that most of the cast speak English, distinct and distinguished; that the dialogue is very good and, for a movie, far too slow; that, if occasionally these Britishers get things "over with" or "stop off some place," the sense of period is as rich as the photography and the uniforms; and that Robert Montgomery looks as well with a moustache as Robert Donat. He plays opposite Miss Rosalind Russell, who has clearly "arrived"—I can't for the life of me think why.

Collection of a Collector at the Wildenstein Galleries

It is only right that a collector's personality should emerge through his collection, and if he has not depended entirely on advice this will do so. Collectors, as a whole, are to be divided into two classes, those who go for the safely established and those who are gifted with serendipity. M. Stransky, the former owner of this collection, obviously belonged to the first class. This is an eminently safe exhibition and most of the paintings seem, in addition, to be under a cloud. The Van Goghs, both the landscape and the portrait, are extremely restrained, the Renoir portrait of a man is in a delicate haze of mother-o'-pearl, the Cézanne portrait keyed to so low a pitch of buff and blue that it almost affects the robustness of the modelling. Only the Courbet of a woman in a mob-cap with a white cat in her arms has a sufficiently virile quality to make its mark, and stands out as the most important painting in the room. This full-bosomed buxom beauty is painted with an exquisite sense of the softness of her dusky skin, and the lovely modelling of her hand, where she is holding the cat, is one of the best passages in the picture. The dead-white of her cap and the slightly warmer tone of the cat's fur make a delicious contrast with the sombre crimson and greenish-grey of the rest of the scheme. M. Wildenstein's new galleries are charming in size and arrangement, but we doubt very much if the majority of the paintings in this collection would attract much attention without the names on the frames.

M. Raoul Dufy, at the Leicester Galleries

When in 2236 the archæologists are disputing as to the methods of life of the curious people who were destroyed in the great Air War, it is to be hoped that they will come across a fragment of a Dufy. He is the artist *par excellence* of the Pompeiis of our age, and his brilliant, explosive colour can evoke a *nostalgie du Sud* in an almost unbearable way. The outstanding thing about Dufy's painting is the liquid quality of his line. Every stroke, every squiggle, has that wet intangible quality that only a Far Eastern ink-sketch can rival. Where he sometimes fails is that in this liquidity he tends to a mannerism which can produce a too slap-dash effect for permanence. His treatment of colours in an ordered spectroscopic arrangement, with its curious and characteristic division of the picture into vertical strips, though he does not use it quite as frequently in this exhibition as he used to, is extremely successful in the big racecourse painting. But a transfer of this method without the use of the prism in one of the port-scenes has resulted in the painting being split into three by a series of palm-trees in the foreground and the grading of the sea in three hard flat washes has entirely disintegrated the composition. A quite admirable portrait of a charming little French boy has very fine quality of modelling, in addition to extremely distinguished drawing, and is one of the best paintings in the exhibition. A series of landscapes and seascapes, narrow in height and broad in width, reflect the tendency of the modern window in form, and it is in keeping with the advance-guard of the country-house or the clean decoration of such a liner as the *Orion* that Dufy's paintings are conceived. How delightful a dining-room he would design for a yacht!

THE COMING WEEK

Saturday, July 18th—
- Lawn Tennis, Davis Cup, Wimbledon.
- Ballets and National Dances, Hyde Park, 3 and 7.

Sunday, July 19th—
- W. B. Curry on "Religion in the Schools," Conway Hall, 11.

Monday, July 20th—
- Gerald Heard on "What is Peace Training," Peace Pledge Bookshop, 36 Ludgate Hill, 1.30.
- Dolmetsch Music Festival, Haslemere. Till Aug. 1st.
- "Gay Divorce," Everyman Cinema.

Tuesday, July 21st—
- Rev. Hugh Elmer Brown on "Mirrors of the U.S.A," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
- "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Regent's Park.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

HELL is all around us. And Dante's apocalyptic vision of a mediaeval inferno is by no means out of date or exaggerated. Yperite, sprayed from aeroplanes and falling like a Scotch mist on the unsuspecting Ethiopians, who are first blinded and then slowly eaten up alive, is *The Inferno* translated into reality; Mussolini only falls short in that death eventually puts a stop to the agonies of his victims. This burning, blinding torture of the Abyssinians is, of course, only a dress-rehearsal of the Inferno which is being hurriedly prepared for us all—whether we live in London, Paris, Prague or Rome, or thanks to the increased range provided by octane fuels, even in Berlin. It is only Canto One, yet, since it has been uncomplicated by serious resistance, it has more of Dante than the wars to which it is the prelude. One feature of hell is that the damned cannot hit back and for that reason there is something peculiarly hellish about the contact of modern man with savage races. I have been reading descriptions of such hells lately. One which is ironically entitled *Enchanting Wilderness*, translated from the German of Hans Tolten (Selwyn and Blount, 15*s*.), describes the senseless destruction of the Indians in the Chaco Boreal in Paraguay. The author planted cotton, his partner and he were blessed by a magnificent crop which they were unable to gather or to get to market. Eventually they tempted some of the Indians to assist them, but troubles broke out and the Indians were killed off. Herr Tolten afterwards joined an exploring party which discovered a breeding place of the Egrets, in the hunting grounds of an unspoiled Indian tribe. After working like demons, his companions were able to exterminate the birds and enslave the Indians; Herr Tolten, who pictures himself as a lover of Nature and the Noble Savage, left the party before the work was completed. The book is interesting, but the author affects a sort of Bernardin de St. Pierre simplicity which one does not quite believe in. The story may be true, but one suspects that it was not quite as Herr Tolten has chosen to report it.

* * *

No breath of doubt attaches to *Gold Fever*, the last book by L. M. Nesbitt (Cape, 7*s*. 6*d*.), whose death last summer was a tragic loss to literature. I reviewed both of Nesbitt's other books upon this page. *Desert and Forest* dealt with a most dangerous journey from Abyssinia across the Danakil country into Eritraea, and *Desolate Marches* with mapping a decaying fever-ridden province in Venezuela. In each of them the author revealed an extraordinary gentleness and strength of character. He showed inflexible determination in the face of the greatest dangers, yet he viewed every obstacle with detachment. In each we were shown a picture of hell as it exists in out of the way corners of the world, but *Gold Fever* is a description of a far worse inferno, the hell, a mile deep under the earth, in which Nesbitt spent four years learning his trade, the hell of the Rand mines. The auriferous rock is quartz; drilling the rock fills the air with fine silica dust which gradually accumulates in the miners' lungs, lacerating them and giving rise to phthisis. The white miner has an expectation of eight years of life before he succumbs. Miners and engineers are in the habit of having X-ray photographs taken from time to time, showing the dark deposit of silica dust in their lungs, and these they pin up beside photographs of actresses. "They spoke of the dust in their lungs as gamblers speak of stocks and shares when the market is depressed." Yet few of them got away, for there is a fascination about hell.

> Life in the mine was ugly and worthless: it offered no advantage but high wages, and not all of us were obsessed with the desire for money. Yet we continued to descend into the depths at the appointed hour. There was a continuing compulsion which had something inevitable about it, exerted by that great system of energy, a compulsion which overrode men's wills. The machinery was all wrought up and working at the top, the drills were boring in the stopes below, the lifts were shooting up and down in the shaft, the sweating gangs were shovelling the precious rubble down the chutes; each man must be in his place to make the system complete, to keep it working. It would be cowardly to leave it, to quit, to confess that one had had enough, and could stand no more. . . . It is thus that good men allow themselves to be enslaved. It is this fine silly spirit which Big Business loves to exploit.

* * *

"On the Rand mining was not truly a trade at all," it was a fever in which men slowly killed themselves in order to earn high wages which they spent on drink in order to keep themselves going. There was no poverty among the whites, but a gross squandering of every material gratification. They love to throw things away. For relaxation there is drinking, gambling, whippet-racing, and for the quieter spirits fishing in the reservoirs—then they stumble back to lie all night under the tin roofs and cough and cough till daybreak in a restless stupor produced by fatigue and drink. And then the hundreds of alarm clocks go off, one in every cubicle. If the whites are like demons in a hell of their own devising and their own choice, the wretched Africans are the damned. Slaves except in name, watched over and beaten by other blacks, they suffocate in the deep-levels, six or seven hundred feet below the surface where they work the deafening drills, breathe in the quartz dust, are gassed by fumes of dynamite, and shovel the precious ore. They are being civilised, but what does civilisation give them, besides phthisis? Wages of course—so they can buy discarded uniforms, alarm clocks, watches without works. And when they hold a holiday and whitewash their black legs, the more susceptible to culture can draw the laces and tops of imaginary boots and shoes about their ankles. They can gorge themselves occasionally. Negroes like gnawing bones and when stripped of meat the larger bones at the native skoff-house are chained on long chains, "so that when a negro had grown tired of his bone, he could make an exchange with another man, who happened to be willing, without either of them moving from their places . . . each courteously threw his bone across to the other." And those who had no money were free "to work on them steadily with their teeth, while their eyes turned this way and that as they inspected the plates of those who had bought something."

* * *

Such is a rough outline of the mines when all goes well—but accidents are the rule in mines and Nesbitt tells of floods and two thousand men trapped in the twenty-fourth level, with the lifts out of action, of lifts falling with their living load into the rising water, of falls of rock crushing the miners and of dynamite fumes suffocating them. Yet there is not one note that sounds exaggerated: all is recorded with a calm detachment, as though seen by a man who was immune from evil. In the battery house where the ore was stamped to mud by eight hundred pestles delivering eighty thousand blows a minute and every human being shook and quivered as though his bones were dancing under his skin, Nesbitt found himself able to recall the complete performance of an opera, a performance, which seemed as real as when he had first heard it. In the fiendish tumult of the battery house he could command any music that he liked. Strangely enough, I have heard of something very like this escape from hell before: that is of a man who could declaim the whole of *Hamlet* while operating an automatic lathe. *Gold Fever* contains many beautiful passages. Here is the description of the onset of the rainy season, which came at night so that in the first light of dawn:

> I saw that the night's hail had piled itself high in white heaps in the corners made by the shed walls and under the hedges surrounding the gardens of the administration buildings. Some lights were burning in one of the offices, and the distant arc-lamps about the towers at the top of the shafts were still bright, like unflashing stars. The atmosphere was peculiarly clear, purified by the rain, and the whole spectacle was most unfamiliar, but fresh and pleasant, reminding one of Europe.

Nesbitt was half Italian and his English was imperfect and has had to be corrected, but in such passages he shows himself a poet, and like Dante, not only a poet of hell.

DAVID GARNETT

THE TRUTH AND RUSSIA

I Search for the Truth in Russia. By SIR WALTER CITRINE, K.B.E. *Routledge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Anyone who has derived his impressions of Sir Walter Citrine's views about Russia from reading the excerpts from his book, recently published as newspaper articles, will do well to correct his conclusions by reading the book as a whole. For whereas the articles seem to have left upon a good many minds the impression of a somewhat carping criticism of Russia and its institutions, those who read the whole book will find that there is a great deal in it that makes upon the other side. There is, I think, no doubt that Sir Walter Citrine has tried very hard to be fair. Undoubtedly he went to Russia with his instincts strongly roused against many features of the Soviet experiment, both by his frequent passages of arms with the Communist Parties of Western Europe and with those Communists who have been active in the Trade Union movement, and also by his reaction from the extravagant claims made on behalf of Soviet achievements by certain globe-trotting partisans. He went to Russia with these prejudices, but determined to see with his own eyes, to take nothing for granted or merely by hearsay, and to verify impressions wherever he could by direct statistical and other evidence.

One matter which the book leaves in no doubt at all is that Sir Walter Citrine was given by the Soviet authorities absolute liberty to go where he liked and see what he liked—the worst equally with the best. Nor is there any doubt that his hosts, from leaders of the Communist Party down to ordinary workers whom he met in the course of his journey, received with a most remarkable good humour his outspoken criticisms of the Soviet system and its working, and what must have seemed to them a most ununderstanding desire to pick holes. Sir Walter more than once draws a parallel between the Soviet dictatorship and the Fascist dictatorships elsewhere in Europe; but it is not without significance that it is quite impossible to imagine a critical visitor to either Germany or Italy being treated with a tithe of the openness, consideration and courtesy which greeted Sir Walter throughout his Russian journey. This, indeed, he fully admits.

What did he see? His chief interests appear to have been three—the levels of real wages and purchasing power, the condition of housing and sanitation, and the status and working of Trade Unionism under the Soviet regime. As to real wages, he shows by abundant examples that the standard of living is very much lower among the Russian workers than it is in Great Britain, and that the purchasing power of the rouble was at the time of his visit immensely lower than would be indicated either by the nominal exchange value then attached to it or by the revised value now in force. Sir Walter puts the rouble at about 3*d.*, and on this basis finds that for the majority of Russian industries the average earnings, including social services, work out at the most somewhere between 21*s.* and 28*s.* a week, in terms of British purchasing power—though family wages work out higher than this because of the large amount of women's industrial work. Many individual workers of course earn far more than this; and Sir Walter stresses the point that the current tendency is towards a widening gap between the earnings of different categories of workers—largely as a result of the determined speeding up under the piece-work system, which, as a British Trade Union leader, Sir Walter strongly dislikes.

As to housing and sanitation, he found everywhere evidences of an overcrowding almost unbelievable by British standards, and of a standard of sanitation repellent to the cleanlier conceptions of the West. He admits that the Russians are struggling hard to inculcate cleaner habits and to improve standards of sanitation; but he holds that, in the matter of housing, they have paid altogether inadequate attention under the Five Year Plans to the need for meeting the demands of the rapidly growing industrial population, so that the overcrowding, instead of getting better, is actually becoming worse as industrialisation proceeds.

On neither of these points are Sir Walter Citrine's conclusions likely to be seriously disputed in point of fact. It is common knowledge that real wages in Russia are still very low for the great mass of workers, that sanitary standards remain primitive, and that, as he repeatedly points out, the quality as well as the quantity of housing construction has lagged far behind the need. The real question is not whether conditions of this sort are bad in Russia, but whether they are improving; and except in the matter of overcrowding he admits fully that they are getting better.

Thirdly, as to Trade Unionism. Sir Walter Citrine obviously regards with strong suspicion the control exerted over Trade Unionism in Russia by the Communist Party, and the diversion of Trade Union activity under the Soviet system to promoting increased production and efficiency, instead of confining itself to the direct protection of the workers' interests as employees. In this part of his book, Sir Walter seems to take altogether insufficient account of the profoundly different position which Trade Unionism necessarily occupies under a Socialist system from which private profit has disappeared. It almost seems at times as if, from Sir Walter's point of view, the continuance of Capitalism is essential to the ideal functioning of the Trade Union movement, and as if he spent his time in Russia searching in a haystack for a needle that wasn't there—to wit, a capitalist employer against whom the Trade Unions could pit their strength. On the other hand, he gives full credit to the Soviet system for its success in abolishing basic unemployment—a success which he believes to be permanent. He was also very favourably impressed by the success of the collective farms; and these, too, he believes have come to stay and will, in course of time, greatly improve the conditions of the peasants.

Finally, Sir Walter pays tribute to the glowing enthusiasm which he found everywhere he went, both among the higher officials (such as Tomsky, whom he apparently expected to find either in durance, or a disgruntled critic of the regime) and among ordinary people whom he met in factories or on railway stations in the course of his passage. There are some revealing sentences in which he records his impressions when he saw a group of collective farm workers cheering wildly at a railway station.

> "What are they enthusiastic about?" I kept asking myself. They were not decently clad. They were not even well fed. All of them looked hungry. They were going to travel for some hours through the night in hard carriages. What were they so jovial about? Did they really believe that they were the owners of this country? Did they really believe that there was something really worth while awaiting them—just around the corner? I did not know.

Sir Walter Citrine's inability to answer this string of questions is the clue to the shortcomings of his book. The one thing missing in all his patient observation of good and bad alike is any clear record of the widespread consciousness of men and women in Russia that they are fashioning a new world. G. D. H. COLE

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NEW NOVELS

Turn Magic Wheel. By Dawn Powell. *Constable.* 7s. 6d.
Haven for the Gallant. By Thomas Rourke. *Constable.* 7s. 6d.
The Happy Alienist. By Wallace Smith. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.
Their Ways Divide. By Dennis Kincaid. *Chatto and Windus.* 7s. 6d.
Burnt Mallow. By Priscilla Johnston. *Duckworth.* 7s. 6d.

> An age of the present tense, the stevedore style. To achieve this virile, crude effect authors were tearing up second, third and tenth revised drafts to publish their simple unaffected notes, plain, untouched, with all the warts and freckles of infancy. The older writers who had taken twenty years to learn their craft were in a bewildering predicament, learning, alas, too late, that Pater, Proust and Flaubert had betrayed them; they would have learned better modern prose by economising on Western Union messages.

Thus Miss Dawn Powell sums up the American situation. As for her, the present tense, the virility is hers, but not the economy. She hits nails on the head not once but again and again: sharp, hammering, resounding blows. The reader is left a trifle deafened, dazed, shaken, with a rush of words, phrases, images to his head. *Turn Magic Wheel* is a section of that harsh, ugly, strident Thing called Life. The stream of consciousness, no longer that tide we have known—dreaming, hesitating, scattered with soft nostalgic lights and perfumed petals, now and then disappearing altogether underground—different indeed from such a tide as moving seems asleep, comes rattling, roaring in from every side. Back and forth we are swept along salt disquieting channels; for a moment we pause in one romantic pool: then back again to the churning midsea current. New York assaults us in a succession of quick-firing images. "Foghorns zoomed on the river two blocks away, they croaked incessantly—the storm they warned, the storm beware, so beware: their deep note quavered and blurred like ink on wet paper, so be-e-e-e-wa-a-a-are—so—be-e . . ." How to know when to stop, or why you ever should? Miss Powell, however, remains in control. One is conscious of a sharp intelligence directing, an uninhibited eye observing. Except in that quality of somewhat turbid gusto which women novelists are apt to possess, it is not what is commonly thought of as a woman's book. It is microscopically contemporary and immediate. The movement hinges ultimately on the relationships between the famous writer, Andrew Callingham, and his two forsaken wives. Does the author's fan-mail contain such queries as: "But oh! Miss Powell, why are you so cynical? Could any great, really great writer be like Andrew Callingham?" What is the answer? Not quite, surely; no, not quite . . . It seems too easy nowadays for creatures to simulate life. Wisecracks; irony and nostalgia; a lot of bustle; a lot of drink and all the repressions gone, the exquisite dipsomaniac "dragged all the way home by her fanny" . . . they crumble, they dissolve in wistfulness and melodrama. Or *are* people getting to be like these books about them? Is the pace so terrific, are the difficulties of maturity so great that that's really all there's time for? A keyed-up business of nerve-ends; a showy synthetic growth without roots. Take a ready-made off the peg, it's so much less trouble: quicker, too. Made to measure means you'll have to wait, and it comes a lot more expensive.

Haven for the Gallant by Thomas Rourke is another American novel for which one suitable adjective is vital. Economical is another. The characters are sharp-edged and dramatic, the conflicts between them being shown in relation to the great crash. Water is always apt to make an exciting setting, and there is a distinct fascination about this one: the creeks and estuaries of the New Jersey coast, where Tony, one-time wealthy New York playboy, supports a life of poverty, hard work and domestic happiness by fishing for eels and crabs and selling them to summer visitors. The married lovers are done in that style of physical intimacy aided by intimate bedroom catchwords which Clark Gable and Myrna Loy bodied forth with such effect in their last film. The other couple have a corresponding physical squalor. Mr. Rourke occasionally overdoes another now time-worn convention—one of style.

> The water changed more than anything else. It was never the same. Every day, all day long, all night long, the water changed constantly. Everything was changing all the time really. You did the same thing every day, but it was always different if you took notice of it, different every day, every minute even.

And so on. Say it, say it again, baldly, with trifling variations, and you'll drive it home. However, the language is often more effective than this; and it has, of course, that quality of irony, the origin and development of which some serious American student of Trends should surely investigate. The climax has horror and dramatic conviction, and there is also a description of what it's like to be a relation waiting in a hospital during an operation which brings that experience sharply back to one. But the title is disquieting. Haven? Gallant? These words, like so many others nowadays, are tinged with blurb-infection. They make one distrust what lurks behind them. There are few characters in modern fiction forceful and astringent enough automatically to disinfect such words as gallant. Don Marquis' cat mehitabel occurs to me as perhaps the only one:

> expenses going up
> and income going down
> but wotthehell do i care
> the sailors are in town.

And again:

> but wotthehell do i care
> i neither whine nor fret
> what though my spine is out of line
> there's a dance in the old dame yet.

Gallant is the word . . . Perhaps this is neither here nor there But I cannot refrain from a passing tribute.

The Happy Alienist is by Wallace Smith, who wrote *Bessie Cotter*; and the first thing to say is that it isn't at all like *Bessie Cotter*. It is a kind of sophisticated thriller with the sting extracted. The setting is Vienna in spring, and the principal protagonists are an endearing unworldly professor of psycho-analysis and a pair of fascinating unscrupulous down-and-out Austrian aristocrats. It is neat, intelligent and nimble, has some good jokes and amusing dialogue. The back flap tells us it is more than a gay insouciant satire, that the story for all its gay abandon is deeper than it may appear. But there seems something of stock about it which makes one dubious of the value of probing in it the depths of the human mind. And surely, in spite of his wrapper, Mr. Smith does not expect so much of us. A good book for a three-hour train journey.

The last two novels on this list are English. Mr. Kincaid's book, *Their Ways Divide*, is a chronicle of India in transition, studied primarily from the two focusing points of the friendship between a young Brahman and a young Englishman in the I.C.S. Their careers are traced from childhood to their deaths, one by the hand of the other. All is set down with detachment, sincerity and thoroughness. We are shown the old Brahman world of ritual and religion, the modernised urban sons and daughters, the revolutionaries. The older generation continue to worship the gods of the true, old, dying India; the younger go to English-style colleges and play tennis at the club and laugh at their parents' observances, and regret the expense of buying Indian, as the posters demand of them. The revolutionaries go to Russia and come back again, organise secretly, aim from the midst of the crowd . . . The principal character, Naru, moves uneasily between these worlds, a creature of ancient India by instinct, of the new by education; hating England, loving his English friend; never to function happily or find peace. The book is admirably informative, entirely without rubbish, but it is a little lacking in that quality before mentioned: vitality. The dialogue is apt to be flat and dreary, and the movement of the narrative never quite lifted by the creating imagination. Edward, the young Englishman of liberal sympathies, lacks individuality, and the sketches of his life in England, at school, at Oxford, although real, seem somehow faint and generalised. The result is that the final catastrophe does not quite achieve the personal tragedy inherent in the theme, and we are left with a slightly frustrated feeling: as of an experience within one's reach but not lived through.

Miss Priscilla Johnston presents in *Burnt Mallow*, as the wrapper tells us, a study of the loyalties of a forgiving woman's heart. Jocelyn is one of those wonderful women who manage other people's lives with simple elemental patience and understanding; a rock for the gay, irresponsible fascinations of her friend Evelyn, her husband Randal to beat on; a real home-body, darning Evelyn's children's socks, getting their breakfasts, nursing their measles, making the jam while her heart aches and breaks. Randal, actor, irresistible cad lover, is "a curious sort of young man. He's got hair just the colour of a red squirrel. And he's so young—really quite a little boy-squirrel . . ." There is a curse on him, as he well knows. "Whoever loves me I shall hurt them, and whoever trusts me I shall betray them." Down in a Dorsetshire village by the sea, however, he comes to realise Jocelyn's beauty of soul. They marry, but take a toss at the first fence, when he brutally objects to her leaving him to nurse Hazel, Evelyn's sick child, rather than accompany him to America. He says unforgivable things; they part. After years he returns, a famous actor, suave, immaculate; finds he still needs her. But now with poetic justice comes Hazel, a nymph, wise, wistful, constant, "older" as she says "than he is—but that's a secret"—to take him finally from her second mother.

The story is told in the first person, and not the least disconcerting effect of this is to oblige the narrator to hand herself so many bouquets for graciousness and unselfishness that human perversity compels the reader to an opposite view. If Miss Johnston could but restrain her lushness, shed the cloyingly pink skin that enwraps her, her good qualities as a writer—observation, a sense of dialogue and character—might have a chance. But this is the *Daily Mail* Book of the Month; and who should know better than the *Daily Mail* what the public wants?

> He looked into my face in the firelight and smiled at me and made me laugh, kissing the end of my nose and biting my ears—little, funny, silly things. He said he liked my hands, and he sucked my fingers and said they tasted nice . . .

Let me re-read mehitabel's love-songs.

ROSAMOND LEHMANN

PAST FOOLS AND PRESENT VILLAINS

Vital Peace. A Study of Risks. By HENRY WICKHAM STEED. *Constable.* 10s.

No more appropriate moment than this could have been chosen for the publication of this melancholy book which is, at times, like a cry of despair. For what could be more desperate than the last page in which Mr. Steed expresses the pious hope that even if peace cannot be organised now, it will at least be organised after the next war? Or to quote Mr. Steed's own words:

> Forsworn, or all but forsworn, though we be, the gods may perchance spare us awhile till it appear whether or not we have the heart and the wit boldly to face the risks of non-war, and to keep such vigil in arms as may be ordained before we can test our knighthood in the adventure of peace. I have been careful not to assume that mankind will be fit for this adventure until *avoidable* woe has taught it another lesson.

For Mr. Steed divides peace into two stages: the first is "non-war"; the second, "vital peace." But how far are we still from having reached even the first stage? Friends just back from Geneva tell me that during the last meeting of the Assembly, "it was like wandering among a heap of ruins."

Why, then, have we come to this pass? Why should the League—the instrument of "non-war"—be in ruins? And is there still any hope of rebuilding the League, or of saving ourselves from disaster before it is too late?

These are the questions to which Mr. Steed gives—or tries to give—an answer; for the last of the questions is not one that can be easily answered.

According to Mr. Steed there are two sets of reasons why the world is in its present plight. First, the innumerable blunders made during the years after the war, not by this or that Government, but by all Governments. Secondly, there are "the Enemies"—the enemies of peace, and even of "non-war"—whose state of mind has rendered the reparation of past blunders impossible.

One of the first men to blunder was President Wilson himself. When, in October, 1918, "the first citizen of the world" appealed to the citizens of the United States to vote for the Democratic Administration in the coming election, he made his peace policy, including the League of Nations, a party issue, and so prepared America's renunciation of the League—the first great blow the League was to suffer.

Another blunder was the repudiation of the convention guaranteeing France's Rhine frontier, first by the United States, and then by Great Britain: a renunciation which left France defenceless against Germany, and determined her—while she was still stronger—to strike at Germany by occupying the Ruhr. It is true that in the interval, at the Cannes Conference of 1922, Mr. Lloyd George offered Briand a British Rhine guarantee; but at that time, as Mr. Steed says, "France already distrusted Mr. Lloyd George too deeply." After the Ruhr came Locarno. But Mr. Steed claims that he always considered the Locarno pact to be ambiguous, and not a real contribution towards organised peace. His opinion, unfortunately, was borne out only too well on March 7th. And although he admits that Stresemann became a good European

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HARRAP

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during the last year of his life, his only purpose in signing Locarno, four years earlier, " was to gain time while Germany renewed her own strength."

In short, Locarno, in Mr. Steed's opinion, was but a miserably poor substitute for the Geneva Protocol which had been rejected *wholesale* by the British Tory Government earlier in the year, after a fierce anti-League campaign in the Conservative press.

> But the critics of the Protocol [Mr. Steed says] were not prepared to face the certainty that no Disarmament Conference could succeed unless international security against war were more effectively safeguarded than it had been by the League Covenant.

By " League Covenant " he here means the Covenant as interpreted by the British Government. And in 1925 this Government held

> that it is futile and wrong to seek to overcome war by placing collective restraints upon aggression, since such restraints may become war on the largest scale.

Mr. Steed speaks more in sorrow than in anger, and is careful not to dwell too long on the sins of the successive British Governments; but the above view that Article 16 must not be applied can be found in innumerable other speeches by British ministers, right up to 1935—and since. Vigilantes in *Inquest on Peace* has given us an overwhelming collection of such utterances from the Simons and Londonderrys and the rest.

In spite of his reticence, Mr. Steed realises only too well that if the Disarmament Conference failed, and if Europe is threatened more than ever with another war, it is because collective security was not organised in time. And for this British foreign policy carries an overwhelming responsibility.

Mr. Steed is not, however, blind to the objection that, since the United States refused to enter the League, Britain was obliged to take account of America's views on neutrality and the freedom of the seas; and that she, consequently, could not " reasonably " accept all the obligations implied in Article 16. But after an admirable examination of the whole problem he comes to the conclusion that Britain's League obligations and her considerations for America are not incompatible. The importance of the Kellogg Pact, he says, lay precisely in the fact that the renunciation of war was, in reality, a renunciation of neutrality; and that under this Pact, " the United States could no longer be a friendly neutral towards the aggressor." And speaking of the Italian-Abyssinian war and of the circumstances in which France and Britain abandoned all thoughts of an oil embargo, Mr. Steed rightly observes:

> Competent observers require no persuasion that American policy did not force Great Britain and France and the League, in the autumn of 1935, to hold back from acting as vigorously as they might wish. On the contrary, it is unfortunately clear that one of the effects of French unwillingness and British hesitation to act vigorously against Italy *was to rebuff the U.S. Government and to thwart its desire to stand by the nations whose membership of the League bound their Governments to restrain aggressive war.*

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After the recent discussion on Nutrition in the House of Commons read

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—*Economist.*

MACMILLAN

But if Britain sinned against the League, as well as France, under the Laval regime, how much greater still are the sins against peace of Italy, and, above all, Germany? Those who claim that all will be well if only Nazi Germany re-enters the League of Nations would do well to ponder Mr. Steed's analysis of what he calls the " Hegel-Hitler " doctrine of the State—a doctrine completely incompatible with a real League of Nations which inevitably implies a certain limitation of national sovereignty. League membership also implies the respect of treaty obligations, but when the State becomes the highest form of human association, then it has, obviously, no longer any duties towards other States or towards humanity, and the international treaty obligations into which such a State enters, are *bound* to become scraps of paper the moment they cease to coincide with its " higher interests."

And Mr. Steed goes on to argue that in whatever degree envy or jealousy, thirst of glory or lust of power, may be counted among the motives of war, " an indispensable condition, if not an actual cause of war is that kind of ecstasy " which is being manufactured with scientific thoroughness by the Governments of totalitarian Fascist States. This " ecstasy," according to Mr. Steed, is stronger than any economic considerations—an argument supported by Hitler's conviction that, blood being blood, Austria must become German " even if it were economically harmful." His obvious conclusion is that Nazi Germany being the Enemy—an enemy preparing for the Total War—(in accordance with Ludendorff's enormously popular book), only organised security can avert the disaster.

> As things stand, [he says] the deepest cause of war is the doubt whether civilised peoples are determined to act together against unlawful recourse to violence, and to make their resistance to it overwhelming.

Mr. Steed does not deny that the Allies were partly responsible for the rise of " the Enemy "; they certainly were in the case of Italian Fascism. But could Hitlerism have been prevented if Germany had been treated differently after the war?

Mr. Steed gives no clear answer to this question; and seems to be in some doubt whether the Germans have not had Hitler " in their blood " all along. He traces Hitlerian ideology back to Hegel, via the Hohenzollerns, and is inclined to agree with Mr. Robert Dell's view that Weimar Germany was unreal—and little more than a piece of opportunist window dressing. He seems to hold that even Stresemann, the most representative statesman of Weimar Germany, was converted to a European and humanitarian outlook only under the influence of Briand. One may doubt the accuracy of this point of view; but it is difficult to be too emphatic one way or the other. And yet the question whether Germany will ever again replace *Kultur* by " civilisation," whether the " universal " spirit of Kant and Goethe—as Mr. Steed calls it—was merely an accident of alien origin, and whether this spirit will ever be of any importance in Germany again, is an extremely vital one; for if Germany never becomes a " Western " Power again, then Europe may perhaps achieve " non-war," but she will never achieve " vital peace." But even before " non-war " can be attained, risks must be taken.

ALEXANDER WERTH

WILLIAM MORRIS

Morris: Artist, Writer, Socialist. By MAY MORRIS. *Blackwell.* 2 Vols. 52*s*. 6*d*.

Miss Morris has now completed the tale of her father's works with a vast scrap-book. It is devoted to unpublished work: notes and lectures on painting, architecture, and the applied arts generally, Anti-Scrape literature, a few poems, a fragment from the Icelandic, and a great mass of lectures, letters and articles on Socialism. All this loose matter, chosen from heaps of the same kind, has been handsomely cemented with biography, and for the Socialist volume Mr. Bernard Shaw has written a preface compact

MARLBOROUGH

by

WINSTON CHURCHILL

On Sunday next the *SUNDAY TIMES* will begin serial publication of long selections from the third volume of Mr. Churchill's biography of the great Duke of Marlborough.

The two previous volumes were serialised in the *SUNDAY TIMES*, and all who read them will eagerly await the third. The first instalment next Sunday will be Mr. Churchill's masterly description of the Battle of Ramillies, in which Marlborough's genius was seen in one of its most splendid manifestations.

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of wit, candour, enthusiasm, and downright silliness. A "decent nation," he tells us, would have buried Morris in Westminster Abbey. Or is that a joke?

The two volumes excite, first of all, sheer amazement at Morris's vast activity: here we have only a few crumbs! They are not meant to read straight on, but to dip into; on the other hand, dip where you will, nothing really unexpected comes to light. Morris, as his daughter says, was all of a piece.

That implies, among other things, singular constancy to all his loves, human, inanimate, or abstract; he had, too, the defect of his constancy, and was a born partisan. On certain subjects there was notoriously no talking to him—Burne-Jones, for instance, or the Icelandic sagas; while in general it may be said that he could never heartily admire anything but to the exclusion of something else. Thus Oxford had to exclude Cambridge, Gothic to exclude Wren, *Beowulf* to exclude Racine and *The Rape of the Lock*. "Whatever interests is interesting," said Hazlitt, but Morris, perhaps because he *was* interested in so many things, thought not. For instance, he happened not to have the mechanical sense, and therefore could not allow for its direct contribution to human happiness, or believe there might be a feeling for machinery analogous to the love of art. One tiresome thing about his Utopia is that so many enjoyments are sacrificed, not reluctantly to the common good, but gleefully to Morris's want of taste for them. And what havoc the cold facts make with his aesthetic theory! Why, nowadays art is far remoter from the people than ever, and yet his own Pre-Raphaelites have become highly popular, and the cultured few can't forgive him for liking them! That is always remembered, while the same few think little, very often, of his admirable aesthetic hatreds—Victorian architecture, Victorian art, Victorian furniture, the uglification of England, the triumph of makeshift, and so on. Such hatreds *can* be overlooked because they are now taken for granted—in theory. Of course, the things objected to, or their natural descendants, live and flourish, and the visible England of to-day would hardly impress Morris with our superiority.

Still, his blunders are obvious, and we have a good view of them in these two volumes: a good view, also, of his no less obvious moral grandeur. To become a Socialist was nothing; but for a man like Morris to become and remain a party worker, to embrace all the horrors of co-operation with the like-minded, to plod on day after day in step with them and not lose courage—there was the achievement. It was sacrifice never-ending, still beginning, and he does not even seem to have plumed himself on it; he was too whole-hearted. There is something touching and comic in the way he set his teeth and plunged into *Das Kapital*—dreams for the future, he said, giving him "courage to wade through studies, which, as the Arab king said of arithmetic, would otherwise be too dull for the mind of man to think of."

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FRANCE FACES THE FUTURE. RALPH FOX. Introduction by André Marty. 2*s*. 6*d*. net.

STOP PRESS

Have you seen R. Palme Dutt's review of Jackson's DIALECTICS: THE LOGIC OF MARXISM. (*Labour Monthly*, July.) The author of *World Politics*, 1919–1936, and *Fascism and Social Revolution* hails it: "A wide Marxist culture is here combined with the racy vivacity of a Cobbett." Compared with previous books, "it is sunshine in contrast to a noisome swamp."

And this week's *Listener* says of it: "The English reading public are indebted to the present author in his effort to expound the new philosophy. The width and depth of his knowledge is astounding, for, as becomes a universal philosophy, he must needs cover an enormous field. He writes with a fine humour, in spite of a tendency to emphasise his jokes by innumerable marks of explanation. The book well repays close study." (Price, 10*s*. 6*d*. net).

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And self-devotion was not entirely without its artistic reward. Whatever the highbrows may assert, there is nothing so good for prose style as writing down to someone—provided, to borrow a phrase from Mr. Collins, that integrity is at the same time maintained; and Morris's Socialist lectures are a first-rate example. They are by far the best thing, as literature, in the two volumes. Anxious above all to be "understanded of the people," yet incapable of insulting them with cheap stuff, or of writing otherwise than as a poet and artist, he modified his style just so far as was necessary, and produced these speeches, direct, humorous, forcible, crammed with telling phrases—homeliness merging, without a jar, into admirable rhetoric. Often one hardly knows which to admire most, the good style or the good sense. The "idle singer" stands forth all at once as the new Latimer.

Of the "idle singer" himself we are shown next to nothing; there is, of course, a section on "Morris as a Writer," but it has little to offer. That was no one's fault, only scraps and misfits being available, and pretty certainly no one will be disappointed. Nowadays we respect the Socialist and, perhaps, forgive the poet—mostly for qualities he has not got, such as craftsmanship, archaic simplicity of mind, and shallow contentment. Yet the fact is that Morris's social views were only, comparatively speaking, the skin of the apple, while the *Earthly Paradise* contains little less than the whole man, and certainly something more profound in him than was often visible. For though he was fond of calling himself a Welshman, he had more than the usual English shyness about deep feeling—thence his strain of heartiness. His inner self only appeared when he could not help it—mostly in the verse he "could not help" writing—and is therefore very exciting indeed. And that inner self was—a profound melancholy. The *Earthly Paradise* is so steeped in it that one seems almost to breathe melancholy from the page. It was not unconscious: of all his happy endings he suggests, "This is only appearance," of all his tragic ones, "This is final." His power of enjoyment was limited, but he was at home with all the subtleties of grief, though he would not give way to them. Unfortunately we are not used to that type of stoicism; despair is often served up in art, but nearly always with a rich sauce of self-esteem—and very nice too. Morris's despair, however, had no vanity in it, and not much self-pity; and yet, when all the abnegation of his later life has been fully recognised, perhaps a deeper truth about it remains—so he suggested, at any rate, in *John Ball*. "In this world," said his dream-self, in effect, "I have nothing to lose: so why should anything be too hard for me?"

K. JOHN

THE OPEN AIR

The Open Air. An Anthology of English Country Life. By ADRIAN BELL. *Faber and Faber*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Yearly every village within forty miles of London and the larger towns has its week-enders. They take a cottage—probably dispossessing one more villager who is faced with either the workhouse or a council house which he neither wants nor can afford—and fit it up with modern conveniences. They refer to the country people into whose community they have thrust themselves as "Yokels." They regard the yokels as stupid because they do not know the roads, because they take a long time to answer questions and then answer them wrong, because they are unfitted for domestic service, because they have their own methods of gardening and cannot see the value of a birdbath or a stone dwarf.

In return, the older yokels look on the week-enders with suspicion. They touch their hats resentfully. The younger ones have a sort of half admiration for these off and on inhabitants, admire their smart clothes and shiny cars and despise the old village community which is breaking to bits. Thus is England becoming that great big Garden City which most of its industrialised people wish to make it.

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week-ender should possess a copy. It explains the skill of carters, ploughmen, wheelwrights, and of farm labourers who are able to use a scythe, trim a hedge, care for livestock from the pig to the horse. For their knowledge they are badly paid and pass their old age, even with the pension, in undeserved penury watching the garden, which meant so much to them, choke with the weeds they cannot keep down or being transformed into a rockery and crazy paving by a week-ender.

The extracts vary from the brief directness of Fitzherbert:

> Howe shall ye knowe the seasonable tyme? (to sowe) go uppon the land, that is plowed and if it synge or crye, or make any noyse under thy fite, then it is too wete to sowe; And if it make no noyse and wyll beare thy horses, thanne sowe in the name of God,

to the deep knowledge and careful writing of Richard Jefferies. The usual arty prose one associates with popular rural writers is, thank Heaven, absent. Mr. Bell has been anxious to avoid the favourites. This anxiety has led him to print rather too many extracts from George Bourne and too few from FitzGerald and Gray: but it has revealed William Howitt, James Nasmyth and Bewick as first-class writers on rural life and scenery. If he is going to quote Siegfried Sassoon, Mr. Bell might also quote Sir Henry Newbolt, whose autobiography has much sympathetic material. Thomas Hughes, Charles Kingsley, Sir John Fortescue, William Morris's letters, and Harvey Darton among prose writers are odd omissions. Blomfield and Hurdis might have appeared among the poets.

To make up for this, there are fine flights of descriptive writing, with especially good selections from Edmond Blunden, W. H. Hudson and Hardy. A shrewd remark of Ruskin's is worth quoting on the patient courage of country people: ". . . . their present heroism is the culmination of centuries of inbred and traditional valour, which Athena taught them by forcing them to govern the foam of the sea wave and of the horse—not the steam of kettles."

That bit of Ruskin sums up the point of view of Mr. Bell and his anthology. He has little use for the townsman with his skill in mounting buses and rushing down passages of the underground and continually struggling, now instinctively, with machinery. Consequently his book will seem a little unsympathetic and dogmatic to the "educated" people for whom it is obviously intended.

In the preface we are told by Mr. Bell that his book is to be read through from start to finish like any other book, not to be dipped into here and there. This is asking a lot; indeed, I found the process frequently boring. I was not encouraged to expect much excitement, for the preface states that contrast in the selections has been avoided, "so far as is humanly possible." There are no headings, no names of authors except at the back. Consequently the order and method of Mr. Bell's choice of passages is so extremely subtle that only the most attentive and enthusiastic reader can make it out. For myself, I found much excellent material, but was often puzzled to make out why it was included in one particular place and then why I could not find out who wrote it without looking it up at the back and losing the thread. It seemed as though some excellent early English water colour, say by Francis Towne, had been subjected to one of the periodical floodings of the Tate.

These are minor criticisms of a book which, despite its "literary" arrangement, shows up the English inland country at its best. In another two decades the people described in this anthology will be as remote as those of the seventeenth century.

JOHN BETJEMAN

"POOR JEANNE"

Saint Joan of Arc. By V. SACKVILLE-WEST. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 10s.

I have never been asked what I should do if I were dictator. The question is put only to very eminent persons. But I have an answer ready. "Prohibit publishers, by law, from printing their opinion of a book on its dust-cover." The overworked reviewer, provided by this practice with a labour-saving expedient, might not bless me, but I think the abolition of the bumptious "blurb" would be generally welcomed. It does a lot of harm. Dragoons some people, literary critics and common readers alike, into accepting books at the publisher's valuation. Antagonises others, who, resenting the often extravagant claims on the author's behalf, are liable to underrate what has been overrated. I am merely perplexed at finding that the impression produced on me by the book is, even when favourable, quite different from the one the publisher tells me it will produce. This is my situation in regard to Miss Sackville-West's biography of St. Joan of Arc. After having read the book with intensive concentration, its merits—and it has many—do not seem to me to be those for which it is recommended. "Written with the poetic touch that only Miss Sackville-West possesses." (Rather arrogant, that "only.") Now my impression is that with the exception of a few lovely descriptive passages the book is written with a prosaically juridical touch. "Miss Sackville-West has approached one of the most puzzling of saints from a personal angle." Now my impression is that the angle of approach is more impersonal than in any biography of the saint I have read. At any rate, I have not been able to discover what is Miss Sackville-West's personal opinion of "poor Jeanne." (Surely an infelicitous description of one so rich in spiritual gifts.) All that is clear to me is that she is torn between the two opinions most commonly held by other people, and has made an honest, but unsuccessful, effort to reconcile them:

> There are moments when I am not at all sure that the religious line of approach may not in the end prove right; when I am not at all sure that instinct may not as usual be proved to have taken the short-cut rejected by reason . . . I am in the unfortunate position of anybody torn between an instinctive reliance on instinct, and a reasonable reliance on reason.

It is indeed an unfortunate position for the biographer of a person whose character and achievements present insoluble problems to anyone who cannot take the religious line of approach, and stick to it. Then the problems disappear. It is not necessary to cast about for unsatisfactory and inadequate explanations of the Voices which assured Jeanne that she was deputed by God to do a work, to fulfil a mission, and guided her to do it, to fulfil it, for once it is believed that she was God's instrument, there is a simple and altogether reasonable explanation. The religious line leads to an explicable saint; all other lines to an inexplicable phenomenon. Miss Sackville-West's inability to make up her mind what line to take has impaired the clarity of her narrative and the definiteness of her portrait of Jeanne. "It may be true. It may not be true. It may be, and this is more likely, both true and untrue." The reader's head reels in a maze of qualified statements. On page 72 Miss Sackville-West remarks that "the fun of the historian consists partly in destroying his own theories once he has built them up." I think she has indulged in this "fun" immoderately. The space occupied by Kant-like dialectical jinks is disproportionate.

Is Miss Sackville-West right in assuming that there is a tendency, even among the well-educated, to believe that little is known of Jeanne beyond the cardinal facts of her inspiration, achievement and death? If there is such a tendency, it is very strange, in view of the fact that biographies of her based on the report of her trial and the rehabilitation (as Miss Sackville-West's is) have been published at frequent intervals since the document was made easily accessible by Quicherat in 1850. These biographies should have widely diffused the knowledge that anyone who is attracted to the subject of Jeanne has as ample material as any that exists for the study of the life and character of a person who died centuries ago. The depositions of Jeanne herself, and of those who came in contact with her, elicited under oath, can justly be described as unique in the ground they cover. It is unfortunate that the English translation by Douglas Murray of the official text of the trial is out of print. It ought to be republished. For the *Procès* is more interesting, more moving, more informative than all the biographies put together. It stands in much the same relation to them as the New Testament does to Lives of Christ. In spite of the imposing number of authorities in Miss Sackville-West's bibliography, the majority of her references are to the *Procès*, and she quotes passages from it frequently either in the text or in footnotes. If this book were intended only for a scholarly public, no objection could be raised to her quoting them (with a few exceptions) in Latin or medieval French. (Only a fragment of the French original, of which the Latin text is a translation, has been preserved.) But it is obvious that it is intended for a wider public, many members of which are not Latin and Old French scholars like Miss Sackville-West, who is not only able to read the *Procès* in Latin, but to discuss the exact meaning of some difficult phrases. For the benefit of the common reader, all the quotations from the *Procès* should have been translated. He would then have been better able to judge whether the deductions drawn from them are sound.

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A FORLORN HOPE

The Church and the Twentieth Century. By PERCY DEARMER, C. E. RAVEN, and Others. Edited by G. L. H. HARVEY. *Macmillan.* 15s.

We must regard this book as an astonishing production. It is the work of ten Liberal Churchmen introduced by the Bishop of Birmingham who, in an admirable foreword, speaks of the tradition they represent as a vital element in the Church of England going clearly back to Erasmus. They write in the shadow of a gathering doctrinal crisis and of the fact, emphasised by several of them, that the mass of English men and women are contemptuously alienated from orthodoxy. And yet they appear to be so hopeful as to believe that the Church of England can be reconstructed and made into a truly national organism, such as, for example, Creighton proclaimed in an eloquent passage quoted on an early page. Here, to be sure, is faith in the impossible.

The writers are competent and scholarly Churchmen, and several of them are men of eminence. All alike are Modernist. One after another they affirm or imply their acceptance of biblical criticism and their rejection of such dogmas as the fall of man, sacrificial atonement, the virgin birth, the physical resurrection whether of Jesus or ourselves. The late Canon Dearmer, for example, observes that the Apostles' Creed was " meant to enforce as a condition of orthodoxy " a belief in the resurrection of the body, which belief, he was sure, has been given up by the vast majority, and within our own lifetime. Dr. Dearmer's essay on the Creeds is a candid piece of work, extremely interesting as an historical summary. He reminds us that the Church was very slow in adopting creeds and treated them first as canticles. The earlier forms were better, but even so, he contends, they cannot be honestly recited by present-day priests or congregations, and the Church would show wisdom in moving towards their omission. The constant repetition of the two principal creeds, he says, keeps alive the tritheism which is the common belief of English Church-people. And yet, after this, we read in the last chapter : " Though the Jesus of history may vanish into mist, at any rate the Nicene Creed remains " ! Dr. Dearmer presumably did not live to read this surprising sentence from a colleague's pen. Dr. Leslie Cross, in an essay on Anglo-Catholicism, marks down Matins and Evensong for particular condemnation. Their contents, he notes, are predominantly pre-Christian, and " it would be hard to conceive of two services more ill-fitted for their purposes." Dr. Major, dealing with the urgent necessity of Prayer Book revision, remarks that the attempt frustrated by Parliament eight years ago had taken too long and " reflected ill on the statesmanship of the ecclesiastical leaders." Doubtless that is so, but consider what Dr. Major wishes to have done. Every section of the rubric stands in need of rewriting. He would deal rigorously with the Litany, for it is too long and its theology is obsolete ; and similarly with the services for baptism, marriage, burial. He would discard all repetition. He would have in the marriage service " some specific reference to conditions which ought to determine the size and welfare of the family." All which, of course, is simply fantastic. As for Parliament, without which the Church of England cannot change, Dr. Major cites approvingly a remark by a Member after the famous debates, to the effect that the House of Commons would pass anything upon which the Church was united. Certainly it would ; but the reader of such a book as this, judging it by what he knows of the clergy and of religious controversy, might well be led to assert that almost the only affirmation which would pass the M.P.'s test is the first statement of the Apostles' Creed.

Canon Raven tries hard to write cheerfully of interchange between the Churches, but he has a special reason for remembering the storm over Dr. L. P. Jacks's recent appearance in Liverpool Cathedral. To Sir Arnold Wilson the Church is *perfecta societas*, and another of the essayists observes that " the universal Church is so wide as to embrace the activities of a Goethe and a Nietzsche." Such notions as these, no doubt, have an ideal significance, but what besides ? We have just had fresh evidence from the Church Assembly of the passion with which a very large proportion of the clergy insist upon the shocking rule that the innocent victim of divorce must be barred from the central sacrament ; and I know a recent case of a vicar in the Home Counties refusing to allow the body of a distinguished and much-tried parishioner to be carried into the church because his marital arrangements were deemed to be irregular.

I have touched upon a few questions only in a volume which provides topics for debate on every page. Dr. Douglas White, for instance, discusses Christianity and the sex problem with no little caution. He touches incidentally upon what he quaintly calls connubial " rites," and he argues that sex ethics must be progressive. This means presumably that the Church should relax that rigid doctrine of chastity which Voltaire, with his usual discernment, declared to be the crux of Christian morality. Dr. Elliott Binns, in one of the most informing chapters, shows conclusively, I think, if indirectly, the impossibility of maintaining Evangelicalism within the scheme of the Anglican Church. He has some caustic comments upon the pushful Marx-and-Spencer kind of Church dignitary. They are deserved, but the Evangelicals are entitled to retort that men of the type he castigates do not by any means always bear the Evangelical label. " The Christian religion is either true or it is nothing," declares Dr. Major. This is a good sentence for the reader to keep in mind as he goes through the final chapter, in which the editor exhibits the many-sidedness of Truth in a manner that should please Mr. Stanley Baldwin. " The average worshipper," says Dr. Harvey, " simply does not know what it means to worship God with his mind." That is a cry from the Liberal heart. F. KIRKHAM

POETRY AND ECONOMICS

Panic : A Play in Verse. By ARCHIBALD MACLEISH. *Boriswood.* 6s.

Break the Heart's Anger. By PAUL ENGLE. *Cape.* 5s.

These two poems about the slump at once raise the problem with which the critic is perpetually occupied : what is the right balance between matter and manner ? It is one of those fundamental general questions which contain a science in each of them. The critic, no matter how ambitious he may be, finally decides that the whole problem cannot be rounded. He remains half-satisfied with local judgments as he passes from one to another phenomenon.

So it must be with these two poems. They are both representative of the effort being made by contemporary poets to meet the conscience-searching events of to-day. Once more we are moving into a period of positive excitements in the world of men. The depression has become so deep that it has created at last an heroic situation, and the poets have dropped their boredom, their cynicism, their eccentric experiments in surrealism. They have now something to bite on.

Mr. Engle bites with teeth that are not too sure. Time has made them a little carious and frequently he jumps with nerves and agony. One might compare his sequence of poems on towns and countries with Maurice Hewlett's *Hodgiad*. He tries to be equally as formal in his prosody, each section consisting of two parts, one in blank verse and the second in rhymed trimeters. The form is pleasing, but it would be more so if it were not so frequently flaccid and unmuscular. One feels that here is a highly sensitive poet, capable of fine lyrical responses to his private adventure, who is trying a public duty which is too heavy for him. The result is vague phrases, argumentative rather than poetic.

> Men can take the social instruments
> And with the immortal human sense create
> The ultimate condition of our lives . . .

But that is Mr. Engle at his worst. His poem is worth reading and frequently he wakes enthusiasm and indignation in the reader's heart.

Mr. Macleish, perhaps because his prosodic theory is more contemporary and less literary, is more successful in his effort to translate economics into poetry. He distils his matter into the drama of a moment (in the Greek fashion), and fastens the world-wide responsibilities upon a handful of characters. His verse is built upon speech-stress (American speech), and he succeeds in using it without falling into the sham Anglo-Saxon rim-rum-ruff sort of thing.

He makes stage-capital out of the mechanics of modern life, using a tape-ticker, and an electric news-sign as the two rhythm-makers for his background (one for the ear, and one for the eye of the reader). Against this nervous ground-bass his characters deliver their poetic interpretation of the tragedy overwhelming their world. The effect is noble, and greatly exciting. Like the poet's dactylic verse, it

> Runs in a groove with the crack of a gun at the end of it.

The translation of life is always intense, in terms of image. It is fully poetic, therefore, and I recommend it as one of the few successful attempts to master the problem of poetry and its place in the world to-day. RICHARD CHURCH

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SHORTER NOTICES

The Columbia Encyclopaedia. Edited by CLARKE F. ANSLEY. *Harrap.* 63s.

This one-volume encyclopaedia has been compiled at Columbia University under the general editorship of Mr. Clarke F. Ansley. It is designed not for readableness but for use as a middle-sized dictionary of facts. The text is in three columns, the volume measures 12ins. by 9ins. by 3ins., and none of the entries exceeds seven columns in length. In most cases the aim of the editor has been to give as much information as could be got in 200 words—Duns Scotus, for example, has been admirably compressed to this scale: a considerable feat. The advantage of the *Columbia Encyclopaedia* over other one-volume encyclopaedias, such as Routledges, is that it gives a good deal of the detail for which hitherto one has had to turn to a full-sized encyclopaedia occupying a whole shelf. Many people will find the single volume not only far cheaper and more convenient in use, but adequate for nearly all general purposes. A random comparison of some of its pages with the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* shows that surprisingly little—considering the limitations of space—has been left out. Needless to say there are some trifling inaccuracies of fact; but has there ever been an Encyclopaedia of which that is not true? The information—scientific, biographical, political, etc.—has been kept rigidly up-to-date. The value of the *Columbia Encyclopaedia* for English readers would have been even greater if an English edition could have been prepared. The longest entry, for example, is the United States, and under the name "Flagg" we are given details of five American nonentities where the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (American edition) only notices one. That, however, is an unimportant criticism. The editors have succeeded in producing a volume as wieldy as most dictionaries and possessing the essential advantages of many compilations ten times its size.

Adventures in Investing. By "SECURITAS." *Hogarth Press.* 5s.
Insurance Shares as an Investment. Edited by T. WHEELOCK. *P. W. Cooper,* 11, *King Street, E.C.2.* 5s.

"Securitas," the financial editor of *Time and Tide*, is the antithesis of Major L. L. B. Angas. In his *Adventures in Investing*, he warns the investor against studying works on money or economics. He dislikes systems and the scientific spreading of investment risks. He is just in favour of taking simple, shrewd views of things, and his book, being mainly extracts from his articles and case-book, shows that in the last few years he has been invariably right. Like many other investors, he has found it easy to back winners because markets generally have done nothing but rise. It is somewhat disconcerting, then, to read this: "I do not like bull markets and my recommendations will diminish as the markets rise." If "Securitas" has not realised that he has been enjoying a bull market since the middle of 1932, will he recognise a bear market when he sees one? An easy-flowing book but lacking in depth.

Insurance Shares as an Investment is the thirteenth publication of Mr. T. Wheelock's excellent analyses of insurance companies' accounts. Mr. Wheelock's introduction always leaves the uneasy feeling that if the investor never read any investment advice or followed any investment system or tipster, but just bought British insurance shares whenever he had any money, he would be far better off.

Airdays. By JOHN F. LEEMING. *Harrap.* 7s. 6d.

Mr. Leeming was one of the pioneers of civil aviation in this country. He formed the first light aeroplane club, operated the first air-taxi service and was only prevented from establishing the earliest regular passenger air-line by the financial failure of his firm. These activities brought him into contact with the outstanding personalities of post-war aviation, and he was a friend of Bert Hinkler and Sir Sefton Brancker, both of whom figure largely in his book. The author is full of admiration for Sir Sefton, who badgered him into persuading the Corporation of Manchester to acquire a municipal air-port at a time when not even Sir Sefton himself knew what they could do with it, and is equally full of contempt for most of the politicians who succeeded him. Besides his organising activities Mr. Leeming did a lot of flying himself, and his experiences would have afforded him excellent material for a series of articles in some journal devoted to aviation. Expanded as they are to book form, with a plentiful padding of local politics and anecdotes, his reminiscences may be of mild interest to flying enthusiasts, but are hardly likely to appeal to a wider public. Somebody ought to tell Mr. Leeming that other people's accidents, related at length and repeatedly, are apt to become as boring as other people's dreams.

Merchant Taylors' School Register, 1561-1934. 2 Vols. Edited, with biographical notes, by Mrs. E. P. HART. *Published at the School.* £2.

These two volumes contain as complete as possible a record of the boys educated at Merchant Taylors' School in the three and three-quarter centuries since it was founded in the heart of the City. Amongst the myriads of names are those of many famous scholars and men of affairs—beginning with Edmund Spenser, who left "at his gowing to Pembrocke Hall, in Cambridge, 1568." The book is excellently printed, and the editor explains in an interesting preface the varied sources which have been drawn on in the compilation of the lists. These sources are rather thin in the earliest period down to 1607 (during which it is estimated that some 4,000 boys passed through the school), and again from 1666–72, when owing to the destruction of the buildings by the Great Fire only the names of the sixth form are recorded in the "school probation lists."

Robert Burns. By HANS HECHT. *Hodge.* 12s. 6d.

The publishers of this translation claim that the author, being a foreigner, is less biased than the natives in dealing with the controversial sides of the life of Burns—"sexuality, alcoholism, religion, politics and class." It may be admitted that this book is free from hysteria on any of these subjects. It is also completely innocent of subtlety. As a specimen of biographical sobriety the following serious comment deserves preservation:—"Alison Begbie, for some unknown reason, rejected the hand Burns offered her, in spite of his letters, which were filled with the highest moral precepts and sentiments of universal benevolence." The book is well-documented, though uninspired, and includes Heron's original Memoir in full. It contains everything required on Burns for examination purposes. It recalls the work of Sir Sidney Lee, and deserves the eighteenth-century epitaph "Pious Without Enthusiasm."

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

I COULD wish that so great a master as Toscanini, who has not, up to now, been especially generous to gramophone lovers, would occasionally give us something worthier of his powers than truncated bits of Wagner But we must, I suppose, be thankful for what we can get in these days, and *Siegfried's Rhine Journey*, from *Die Götterdämmerung*, performed by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra (H.M.V. DB2860-1) is certainly a remarkable record, from all points of view. The fourth side contains the prelude to the third act of *Lohengrin*. More satisfactory to the music-lover is Haydn's *Symphony in E flat, No.* 99, played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Thomas Beecham (Col. LX505-7). This is a latish work and belongs to the "London" group, which contains some of Haydn's most inspired music. The famous slow movement is especially beautiful, and the recording impeccable. Two admirable recordings have recently been made by the Telefunken company, which are distributed in this country by E.M.G. These are the Dvorák *Cello Concerto*, played by Gaspar Cassado and the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, and Mozart's *Eine kleine Nachtmusik*, played by the same orchestra under Erich Kleiber. The general recording level of this company has considerably improved of late, and both these sets are extremely fine. The orchestral part in the concerto is rather heavily rendered, but the solo is magnificently moving. Dvorák rarely achieved anything finer than the poetical epilogue to the last movement, which sums up, with elegiac sadness, the mood of the whole work.

This is a fortunate month for amateurs of piano records. It would, I think, be impossible to find to-day a pianist more capable of extracting the utmost from Chopin's *Polonaises* than Arthur Rubinstein. The entire set has been recorded, in two volumes, the first of which only has yet been issued (Nos. 1-5 H.M.V. DB 2493-6). As Chopin playing it is consummate: the rhythm is continuous yet delicate, and the long melodies are woven with an exquisite attention to phrasing and to the singing power of the instrument. Another excellent pianist, but of lesser calibre, Wilhelm Kempff, gives us Beethoven's *Sonata in A flat, op.* 26 (Decca CA8240-2). Kempff is an admirable player for the gramophone, because he is careful of the loud pedal. There is a slight tendency to echo in these records, but otherwise the piano tone is very faithfully reproduced. The rendering, without being at all startling, has no objectionable features. Egon Petri is his inimitable self in a Bach *Menuet*, transcribed by the pianist, and a *Melodie* from Gluck's *Orphée* (Col. LX508). As an example of individual excellence alone this record is worth buying. The only chamber music recording this month consists of Haydn's *Quartet in D, op.* 64, *No.* 5, played by the String Quartet of the Berlin State Opera House (Parl. R2215-6). This is a good example of the composer at his best; the performance is accurate and the tone full.

The appearance of an album of Lieder sung by Lotte Lehmann cannot fail to arouse excitement. Her singing is indeed consistently lovely, but the songs chosen are not all of the highest quality. They are Mozart's *Die Verschweigung* and *An Chloe;* Schubert's *Ungeduld* and *Im Abendrot;* Schumann's *Die Kartenlegerin* and *Waldesgespräch;* Brahms' *Therese, Meine Liebe ist Grün*, and *Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht;* Hugo Wolf's *Anakreons Grab* and *Im Schatten meiner Locken* (H.M.V. DB1466-70). Of these I prefer the Mozart, Schubert and Wolf songs; neither Brahms nor Schumann appear at their best in the examples chosen to represent them, and *Die Kartenlegerin* seems to me a particularly tiresome kind of song. A very different type of singer, Madame Germaine Martinelli, gives an authentic rendering of a very un-German type of song—"Lettres" from Massenet's *Werther* (Decca DE7061). This is one of a bad composer's most

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An Index to Volume XI is in the course of preparation and will be ready shortly. It will be sent to postal subscribers, free of charge, on application; and for one shilling, post free, to other readers.

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deservedly famous scenas: how many female hearts have thrilled to the final " *Tu frémiras !* " Connoisseurs will not fail to notice, and be interested by, more than one premonition of Debussy's *Pelléas*, in this curiously expressive aria. Massenet occasionally made a fluke, and this is one of them. Puccini's *Turandot* is also considered by some to have been a fluke, though a very much stronger case can be made out for him on the whole than for Massenet. However that may be, the aria " Signore, ascolta ! " from Act 1, sung by Louise Helletsgruber, with the Berlin State Opera Orchestra (Parl. R2212), is genuinely moving and beautiful. " Tu che di gel sei cinta," from Act 3, on the obverse, seems to me less interesting, because reminiscent of the composer's earlier and more vulgarly facile work. The singing is most expressive.

Quite a number of dance records seem worth mentioning this month. *All my Life* and *Every Minute of the Hour*, played by Ted Fio Rito and band (Decca F5985) are both pretty and dexterously orchestrated. *Where Am I?* by Jimmy Dorsey and band (Br. 02224) is attractive and well sung, while *I'll Stand By* (Br. 02225), played by the same band, is one of those daydream tunes we all enjoy so much, whether we care to admit or not. *Cuban Pete*, played by Joe Loss and band (H.M.V. BD5079) is a good rumba; but I utterly refuse to recommend the waltz, *At the Close of a Long, Long Day* (on the obverse), though I am afraid some people will like it. *I'll Step out of the Picture*, played by Ambrose and band (Decca F5903), has the modern appeal of sentimental bitterness, and the tune is not bad. *I Nearly let Love Go Slipping Through My Fingers* is, on the other hand, a poor tune, but it has the advantage of Eddie Duchin's clever orchestration and playing (H.M.V. BD5078). *Dreamtime*, I believe, I have recommended (mildly) before, but Guy Lombardo's band is specially suited to do justice to it (H.M.V. BD5081). The obverse has a Rudy Vallee called *Is it True What they Say About Dixie?* This is not a bad example of this famous crooner's later manner; but, as everyone knows, his best work was done way back in the 'Twenties.

Edward Sackville West

Week-end Competitions

No. 331

Set by E. B. C. Jones

It must be nearly ten years since Mr. R. E. Davidson, writing in this paper of the buying and driving-in of new cars, described them as often being delivered at top speed by a " filthy stripling." This phrase was gratefully adopted by at least one reader and has since been used, in a tolerant rather than an enraged tone, to designate all junior employees of garages. This branch of private slang must be as fruity as others. My own most useful phrases for describing people are: *Seven-months child* for an adult of either sex who is squidgy and undergrown without being deformed; *Frog Child* for a child whose self-consciousness takes an active form, such as leaping about; *Virgin Wife* and *Conquering Blonde* which need no explanation, and *Prematurely Grey*, used only of men, which, while being the most valuable of the lot, it is impossible to explain briefly.

We offer a first prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half a Guinea for the best set of four such expressions—i.e., phrases applicable to *persons*—with comments; the whole not to exceed one hundred words.

Rules—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, July 24th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 329

Set by Allan M. Laing

To win the usual prizes of Two Guineas and Half a Guinea, this week, competitors are offered the simple task of fitting nouns of collection to the following: Bathing belles, anglers, cyclists, hikers, rock-climbers, litter fiends, railway porters, landladies, waiters and page-boys.

Report by Allan M. Laing

In a note to his entry, Redling scored two bull's eyes by suggesting that this competition would draw a record number of entries and a record duplication of terms. Readers to a total of 325 competed and many of them sent in two, three and four lists each (a practice which does not commend itself to me). I acknowledge more or less gratefully, however, a score or so of notes, explanatory, informative, witty and facetious, with which some entries were decorated. I hoped, as I started to wade through the mass of material, that some superlative entry would leap to the eye, making subsequent elimination easy; but I was disappointed. No one was wholly inspired and it soon appeared that the minds of competitors moved in an almost identical way, their wonders to perform. If I had judged their efforts on plebiscite lines, the standard list would have read:

An exposure of bathing belles,
A stretch of anglers,
A wobble of cyclists,
A trudge of hikers,
A rope of rock-climbers,
A scatter of litter-fiends,
A trundle of railway porters,
A charge of landladies,
A hover of waiters, and
A perk of page-boys.

An ideal list, on the other hand, might be compiled from the total entry and this would, in my opinion, read: pose, brood, survival, happiness, limpetry, largesse, reverie, dudgeon, wistfulness and pomade. Since, of course, neither of these lists was submitted, my aim was to select the nearest approximation to either standard. This I have done by methods all my own (and not for publication). The result will, at any rate, satisfy the winners, who are F.E.K. (one guinea); G. Bullough (one guinea); and Miss E. H. Clements (half a guinea). I also congratulate H. H. Townsend, Bill-and-Poops, Robert Gaffekin, O. H. T. Dudley, and R. Elliott on excellent and original entries.

FIRST PRIZE (I)

A smirk of bathing belles,
A brag of anglers,
A huddle of cyclists,
A pant of hikers,
A hank of rock-climbers,
A muck of litter-fiends,
A trundle of railway porters,
A clutch of landladies,
A sleek of waiters,
A chirp of page-boys.

F. E. K.

FIRST PRIZE (II)

A frisk of bathing belles.
A perjury of anglers.
A wobble of cyclists.
A sweat of hikers.
A dangle of rock-climbers.
A scatter of litter-fiends.
A slam of railway-porters (with the adjectives " little " or " grand " according to numbers).
A frowst of landladies.
An obsequy of waiters.
An impertinence of page-boys.

G. Bullough

SECOND PRIZE

A blister of bathing belles.
A brag of anglers.
A wobble of cyclists.
A plod of hikers.
A slither of rock-climbers.
A scatter of litter-fiends.
A stagger of railway porters.
A clack of landladies.
A hover of waiters.
A perk of page-boys.

E. H. Clements

Here, also, if space permits, are some of the terms submitted in each class:

Bathing Belles: Buff, scantiness, glamour, basking, dazzle, cuddle, dimpling, strip, bodyline, bob, lure, peel-ing, bevy, rump, flaunt, breastwork, bumbust, limbo, buttock, jamberie, bulge, carillon, dryness, bust, backpage, Eden, wavelength, Sennett, steatopygia.

Anglers: Crouch, hyperbole, dream, fancy, cast, obtuseness (referring to the angle formed by the outstretched arms), boast, whale, anticipation, lie, argument, contemplation, compleatness, sedulity, tale, job-lot, reel, perch, mendacity, cosine, cod, tedium, autopsy, squat, connivance, trance, patience.

Cyclists: Glut, wheel-ing, circulation, fleet, steerage, whirl, spinney, curvature, hazard, swish, swerve, campanology, wobble, treadmill,

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OXFORD graduate (woman) would pay £2½ per wk. guest, congenial family, bracing resort S.W., 10 days from Aug. 22. (Ref.) Box 297, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

MAN (23), keen rock-climber, would like companion(s) for cheap holiday in Lakes or N. Wales in August. Camping or otherwise. Write Box 295, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

GOOD home offered woman (refugee considered), exchange domestic and clerical services in a hostel. Box 303, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WOMAN, interested in everything intelligent, wishes to live in congenial atmosphere either artist's or professional household, London or Bromley (Kent) district. Box 305, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

A CORRESPONDENCE Club for unusual people 1,800 members the world over. Founded 1927 Contacts, Box 91 Sta. D, New York City, U.S.A.

AN Indian Lady, University Student (28), desires post as companion to lady travelling abroad for six weeks; or would take charge of children in return for trip. Box 304, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

GENTLEMAN (London), secure salary, himself wants home, and youthful maternal care for boy, 8. Box 307, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

25 ANS, francaise, excellentes recommandations, sportive, veut être compagne jeune fille, Août Box 308, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

INTELLIGENT PEOPLE support cremation because it is Hygienic. It preserves the land for the use of the living. You can ensure free cremation at death at any crematorium in Gt. Britain for £5 5*s.*, six yearly payments of £1 1*s.*, or weekly payments of 3*d.* over a limited period. Write for FREE BROCHURE NSCA. Cremation Society, 23 Nottingham Place, London, W.1. Welbeck 6079.

SUN BATHING, Nudist Lines, both sexes. Lovely country Sun Park, outskirts London. Also Central London Indoor Club-Solarium. Ultra-violet insolation. Congenial Society, Exercises, Badminton, Socials. Box 34, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

raleigh, trick, roulette (*pair et impair*), stoop, crouch, hub-hub, ubiquity, straddle, gadarene, hinder, wamble, Kukliad.

HIKERS: Liberty, pantisocracy, stride, "Mais" (S.P.B.), hamstring, scrawn, sweat, swelter, hie, short-age, cartilage, slog, plod, straggle, splay, trapes, slog, trespass, limp, hearty, saunter, rash, ruck, hoof-age.

ROCK-CLIMBERS: Precipitancy, cling-ing, tenacity, patience, scramble, pergola, clamber, vertigo, knot, thread, tacket, slither, glissade, scrabble, cascade, scale, excelsior, rosary, adhesion, dependancy, knob, stack, firm, clutch, mort, risk, missing, haul, skein, festoon, negotiation, dizzy, grimp, temerity, puffin, coil, fall (say twelve and a one-legged guide, making 25 feet in all).

LITTER-FIENDS: Waste, sprawl, scavenge, litter, offensive, blight, privy, garbage, spew, blemish, leprosy, emetic, chaos, strewth, refuse, scum, trail, vomit, scab, clutter, fester, smudge, obliterary, deposit muck, spittoon, broadcast, pus, squalor, abandon, lupus, *Schweinerei*, various unprintable.

RAILWAY PORTERS: Heave, N.U.R.sery, clutch, myth, rumble, yodel, mirage, lumbago, paucity, bang, slam, Crew-e, truckle, ambush, class-consciousness, dearth, crush, skulk, vanguard, scrum, consignment.

LANDLADIES: Gossip, exorbitance, grumble, loquacity, bustle, screw, accommodation, Smirklet, skimp, larceny, fleece, hash, maunder, bosom-ry, conspiracy, stint, well!, sniff, reminiscence, purse, seasoning, frowst, rookery, aspidistrage, umbrage, parsimony, extra, tapioca, bridling.

WAITERS: Juggle, deference, scurry, dexterity, slap, palm-ing, glide, scurry, *soupçon*, shimmer, whisk, bunion, hand, snoop, helping, detachment, sidle, tableau, melancholia, nimble, soupfish, flick, bend, reckoning, obsequy.

PAGE-BOYS: Check, call, loiter, hop, flyleap, scuffle, file, infantry, sauce, snob, pest-er, piping, handful, button-ry, chapter, quire, brilliantine, shine, bottom, bum, snigger, suckle, beck, impi, preen, pillbox, pickle, cherubim, pod, quiff, Lilliput, glovey.

ALLAN M. LAING

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 186.—EGBERT'S EXCURSION

"Here's a problem for you, Caliban," said my friend Egbert, who is a school teacher, or something.

"Go ahead," said I.

"I went on an excursion last week to Prawnville-on-Sea. I went by the circular route—you know, through Crabtown. It's 15 miles to Crabtown and another 20 to Prawnville. And here's the problem. I went part of the way on foot and part of the way in the car. If I'd done double the distance on foot, the excursion would have taken me 2 hrs. 37½ mins. longer. How far did I walk?"

"I can't tell you," I said promptly. "Nor can anyone else."

"Then here's another datum," said Egbert. "The speed of the car is eight times my speed on foot."

I made some calculations. "Egbert," I said, "you're trying to set a trap for me. Your problem is still not soluble."

"What more would you like to know, then?" asked Egbert.

"I'd like to know how much longer it would have taken you to walk the whole distance than to do the whole distance by car."

"No," said Egbert, "it would be absurd to tell you that. But I'll put it this way. The difference between the time it would have taken me to walk the whole distance, and the time it would have taken me to do it by car, is equal to the time it would have taken me to walk the whole distance if my speed on foot were half a mile an hour faster."

How far did Egbert walk?

PROBLEM 184.—THE "THREE GROUP" CIPHER

Up to the time of going to press, no solution to this problem has been received. The cipher is not, I think, a very difficult one, though harder to solve than "El Ginkador" (Problem 175). I will give solvers another week, and if that produces no solver I will provide an added clue.

PROBLEM 183.—BRAIN TEST

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: R. S. Atkinson, 18 Greenside, Kendal. *Eight* points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

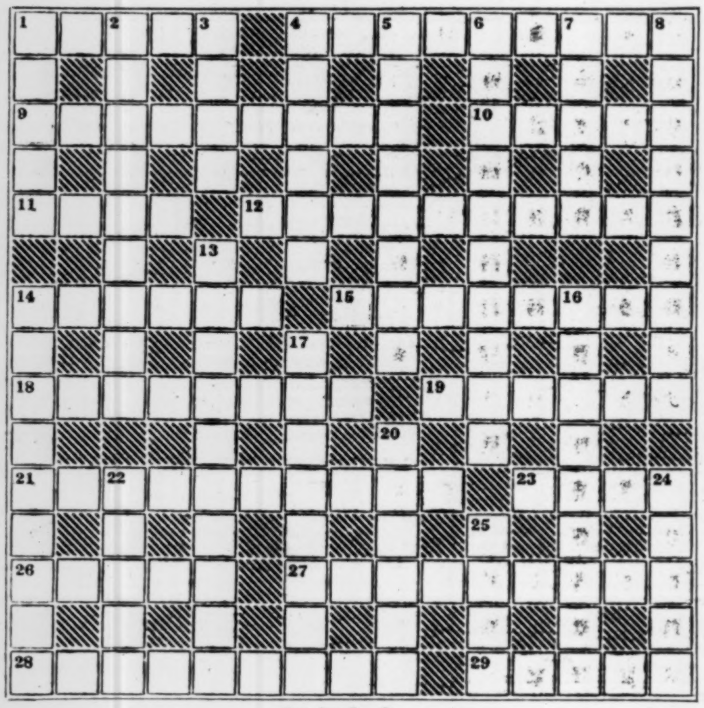
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 332

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Mrs. F. A. Cledwyn, 9, Museum Chambers, W.C. 1

ACROSS.

1. To save yours you needn't put it in the larder.
4. They do not mean that you can leave your car inside them
9. Not an adequate cause for divorce, even for a chess player.
10. This figure looks as if a square pusher has been at it.
11. Position of the Close.
12. He tries to stop net ball from being played.
14. He likes a bit of skirt to lay his head on.
15. One pictures the scene with it.
18. The wheel turns when they are afoot.
19. The sort of hips that take to the water.
21. Award to start a forceful opening.
23. I went back to Short Street.
26. One always gets black looks from him.
27. Yeoman food.
28. Comparatively hasty result.
29. Stonecrop possibly.

DOWN.

1. Indubitably a member of the Ancient Order of Buffaloes.
2. All the same this fruit should not be clawed.
3. People in this are wanting.
4. It makes one take a light view of danger.
5. Bird with a beard.
6. It runs beside the border.
7. This sort of ship should be manful.
8. They would have everything de luxe.
13. Implements with which the reptile excavates his winter quarters perhaps.
14. Newspaper reverse of an early start.
16. Material to deaden the sound of the pulse.
17. Its windfalls are not a kind of fruit drop.
20. This used to give a literal finish.
22. What one does when one crashes the gears.
24. They are handed in as it were in cold weather.
25. Result of a stunt that didn't quite come off.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

B	E	L	O	N	G	S	■	S	C	H	I	S	M	S
A	■	L	■	I	■	I	■	O	■	A	■	C	■	U
D	R	A	U	G	H	T	S	M	A	N	S	H	I	P
S	■	M	■	H	■	H	■	E	■	D	■	O	■	R
H	E	A	R	T	B	E	A	T	■	S	T	O	N	E
O	■	■	■	F	■	■	■	I	■	■	■	L	■	M
T	E	T	R	A	■	L	A	M	P	S	H	A	D	E
■	■	R	■	L	■	A	■	E	■	C	■	G	■	■
T	R	A	M	L	I	N	E	S	■	H	E	E	L	S
H	■	P	■	■	■	G	■	■	■	O	■	■	■	A
U	R	N	E	D	■	U	N	S	T	O	C	K	E	D
M	■	E	■	R	■	E	■	Y	■	L	■	N	■	I
M	U	S	T	A	R	D	A	N	D	C	R	E	S	S
I	■	T	■	I	■	O	■	O	■	A	■	E	■	T
M	A	S	O	N	I	C	■	D	A	P	P	L	E	S

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH.	**After October.**	Tues., Wed.
APOLLO.	**The Fugitives.**	Wed., Sat.
DUCHESS.	**Spring Tide.**	Wed.
GARRICK.	**Storm in a Teacup.**	Wed., Thurs.
GLOBE.	**"Call It a Day."**	Wed. & Thurs.
PLAYHOUSE.	**Whiteoaks.**	Wed., Sat.
QUEEN'S.	**Love from a Stranger.**	W. & Sat.
ROYALTY.	**Winter Sunshine.**	Wed., Thurs.
ST. JAMES'.	**'Pride & Prejudice.'**	W., Th., S.
ST. MARTIN'S.	**Heroes Don't Care.**	Tu., Fri.
SAVOY.	**Lady Precious Stream.**	M., Th., S.
SHAFTESBURY.	**Boy Meets Girl.**	W., S.
STRAND.	**Aren't Men Beasts !**	Wed., Thurs.
WHITEHALL.	**Anthony & Anna.**	W. & S.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Evgs., 8.30. Tu., W., 2.30. Tem. 6404.
MARY CLARE in
AFTER OCTOBER
By Rodney Ackland.

APOLLO. (Gerrard 2663.) 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
THE FUGITIVES by Walter Hackett.
MARION LORNE. GODFREY TEARLE.
PHYLLIS DARE. EDWIN STYLES.

CROYDON **Repertory.**
Nightly at 8.30. Sat., 5
The Chanticleer Theatre Company in
"THE SECRET MARRIAGE"
A Comic Opera by Cimarosa.

DUCHESS, Catherine Street, W.C.2. TEM. 8243.
Evgs., 8.30. Mat., Wed. & Sat. Next, 2.30.
SPRING TIDE
LOUISE HAMPTON ARTHUR SINCLAIR.

GARRICK. (Tem. 8713.) 8.30. Mats., W., Th., 2.30.
STORM IN A TEACUP.
By James Bridie & Bruno Frank.
SARA ALLGOOD. ROGER LIVESEY.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. Evgs., 8.15 Sharp.
Mats., WEDS. and THURS., 2.30.
FAY COMPTON & OWEN NARES in
"CALL IT A DAY."
By Dodie Smith.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. TWICE NIGHTLY,
6.25, 9. JACK WALLER'S
"NO! NO! NANETTE"
with Clifford Mollison, Shaun Glenville,
Phyllis Monkman, Barbara Vernon.
All seats bookable. (6.25, 1/6-7/6) (9 p.m., 1/6-10/6).

PHOENIX. 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30. Tem. 8611.
RONALD ADAM presents
ABRAHAM SOFAER in
SCHNITZLER'S
PROFESSOR BERNHARDI

PLAYHOUSE. Whitehall 7774.
Evenings at 8.30. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
NANCY PRICE in
WHITEOAKS.

QUEEN'S, Shaftesbury Ave. Ger. 4517.
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., WEDS. & SATS., 2.30.
MARIE NEY, FRANK VOSPER in
LOVE FROM A STRANGER.

ROYALTY. Ger. 7331. All Seats Bookable.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Thurs., 2.30.
NICHOLAS HANNEN, ATHENE SEYLER in
WINTER SUNSHINE.

ST. JAMES'. (Whitehall 3903.)
EVGS., 8.30 (exc. Mon.). WED., THUR., SAT., 2.30.
GILBERT MILLER and MAX GORDON present
"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE."

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. 1443. 8.40, Tues., Fri., 2.30.
HEROES DON'T CARE.
CAROL GOODNER. FELIX AYLMER.
REX HARRISON. CORAL BROWN.

SAVOY. (Temple 8888.)
Evgs., 8.15. Mon., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. (2nd Year.)
LADY PRECIOUS STREAM
Thea HOLME. Clifford BARTLETT.

SHAFTESBURY. Ger. 6666. 8.30. W., S., 2.30
GILBERT MILLER presents
BOY MEETS GIRL.
New Comedy by BELLA and SAMUEL SPEWACK.

STRAND. (Tem. 2660.) 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
Robertson Hare, Alfred Drayton, John Mills in
AREN'T MEN BEASTS !
Farce by Vernon Sylvaine. Staged by Leslie Henson.

VAUDEVILLE. (Temple Bar 4871.)
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., WED. and THURS., 2.30.
GREEN WATERS.
Sebastian Shaw, Gillian Lind, Morland Graham,
Wilfrid Walter, Winifred Willard, Henry Hepworth.

WHITEHALL. Smoking. (Whitehall 6692.)
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., WED. & SAT., 2.30.
ANTHONY AND ANNA.
A Comedy by ST. JOHN ERVINE.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2081.
PAULA WESSELY in
"EPISODE" (A.)
and Czechoslovakia's Robin Hood
"JANOSIK" (A).

EVERYMAN (Opp. Hampstead Tube Stn. Ham. 2285)
Short Astaire—Rogers Season.
Monday, 20th July, for Three days
GAY DIVORCE (A). Thurs., 23rd July for Four days.
ROBERTA (U), with R. Scott. 2nd of great successes.

RESTAURANTS

IF you are within eating distance go to RULES for Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Maiden Lane, Covent Garden (since 1780).

THIS paper may be read in "The Book" RESTAURANT and WINE DIVE facing the British Museum. also subscriptions received.

DANCE

RECEPTION to American F.S.U. members en route to U.S.S.R. Suffolk Galleries, Trafalgar Square, July 18th. Dancing from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. Admission 2*s.* 6*d.*

MISCELLANEOUS

BOYS and Girls will enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Crowborough, Sussex. Elizabeth Strachan. Crowborough 224.

MORRIS OXFORD Saloon (1930) for sale at end of August. Recently overhauled. £30 or near offer. Box 312, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1, or 'phone J.R., Holborn 3216.

DO you remember that delightful SMOKERS' TOOTH POWDER you used when you were at Oxford? Why not use it again? 2*s.* 6*d.*, 4*s.* 6*d.*, 9*s.*, post free. Druce and Co., Oxford.

SEX EDUCATION CENTRE. Century Theatre, Archer Street, Westbourne Grove. Consultations and Library. Open Mondays 7-9 p.m. Programme sent on request.

CHERRY JAM, stoneless, just made from cherries grown on border of Romney Marsh. 6 1 lb., 12*s.*, 12 ditto, 22*s.*, carr. pd. Dorothy Carter, Iden, Rye.

MACKIE'S PETTICOAT TAIL SHORTBREAD is an old favourite in a new make-up.
In thin sugared segments this time.
A most delightful tea-time biscuit.
Per tin, by post, 3*s.*
J. W. MACKIE & SONS, LTD.,
108 Princes Street, Edinburgh, 2.

NEW SUITS FOR OLD.—Send your favourite suit or sports jacket and we will copy it exactly in any of our John Peel Tweeds. Send for patterns, post free. Prices, complete Suit, 97*s.* 6*d.*; Jacket, 57*s.* 6*d.* S. Redmayne & Sons Ltd., No. 10, Wigton, Cumberland.

THE CASANI SCHOOL OF BALLROOM DANCING, 90 Regent Street (Piccadilly Circus). Private Lessons daily, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., in all the latest ballroom dances. Guaranteed to teach you steps of any dance in THREE PRIVATE LESSONS. £1 1*s.* 0*d.* Practice Classes every Tuesday, 8.30 to 10.30 p.m. 3*s.* 'PHONE REGENT 4438-9.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

UNITARIAN Publications FREE. "Freedom in Religious Belief." Miss Barmby, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

SWITZERLAND. In the charming Bernese Oberland, to let August and/or September, well-furnished Chalet (four bedrooms) on the lake of Thun. Every modern convenience; glorious view over lake and mountains. Bathing, boating, garage. Ideal for a cheap, delightful family holiday. Terms 5 guineas. Box 272, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

ON AN OLD-WORLD VILLAGE GREEN. TO LET, a fine period House of Character in the Georgian style, old but well modernised, standing on highest ground nine miles N. from Charing Cross. Something "different" of instant appeal to the discriminating. Four-five bedrooms, three reception rooms, kitchen, store-room, bathroom, etc. Large sun-lounge, garage for 2 cars. Electric light, gas, Ideal boiler. Well-stocked garden, partly walled, old fruit trees. Close station. Easy access City and West End. To let at £95 per annum. Burton, 257 High Street, Kensington, W.8. Western 6615.

JORDAN'S, BUCKS. For sale, leasehold (999) detached residence; 2 large reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, lounge hall, bathroom, 2 lavatories, garage, loggia, ½ acre lily pond, apple orchard. Price £2,500. Box 196, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

HAYWARDS HEATH.
45 minutes from Town.
15 minutes from Sea.
Reside in a unique modern Residence.
Beautiful Woodland setting.
4 bedrooms, 2 rec. rms., bath, 2 w.c.s, garage.
Call Sunnywood Drive.
Nominal deposit will secure this charming house.
Free Conveyance. No Road Charges.

CHELSEA. Non-basement cottage to let for £120 a year and small premium, or would sell freehold. Apply Box 314, N.S. & N., 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WANTED, in March, 1937, for 3 months, accommodation in quiet guest house or country club in Sussex, for married couple; two small children and nurse. Garage, tennis and near golf links. Quote inclusive terms. Reply Box 296, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

FURNISHED HOUSE to let for August, 5 bed., 2 recep., etc., near Dulwich College and W. Dulwich Stn., S.E. Reasonable terms. Box 301, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

W.C.1. Flat to let. Large living room, 2 bedrooms, kitchen, use bath. 35*s.* p.w. (incl. elec. light). 4 Ampton Street, W.C.1. Terminus 6761.

FLAT in charming house overlooking Regent's Park. 27/6 weekly. 3 year lease. Write Box 311, N.S. & N., 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

ON SOUTH DOWNS: Bertrand Russell wishes to let 6-roomed cottage, 600ft. above sea; sheltered position, fine views, 7 acres. Rent 25*s.* a week, including rates. Apply Telegraph House, Harting, Petersfield.

WANTED.—Small Town House, furnished; about 6 months from Oct. 1st; 2-3 bedrooms; W. or S.W., near parks. Careful tenants. Box 302, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WANTED. Couple in forties urgently want rent 4-bedroom country house near progressive or possible school, girl 8½. Views modern, not extreme. Box 309, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

CHARMING 16th-century timbered cottage; 6 rooms, bathroom, garage, large garden; fully wired power and light; constant h. and c. water; modern drainage. £104 p.a. Hinton, Ayot St. Lawrence, Herts.

TO LET (unfurn.). Attractive modern house in rural district, 35 mins. from Waterloo; 4 rooms, bathroom, kitchen. Good garden. Box 310, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

W.C.1. Large well-furnished bed-sitting room. Rental, 17*s.* 6*d.* 'Phone: MUS. 1909 (after 2 p.m.).

HAMPSTEAD. Studio flat to let furnished, month August. Large living room, bedroom, kitchen, electric cooker, bathroom, piano. 4 Elm Row, N.W.3.

FURNISHED Room to let in Bloomsbury, Aug.-Sept. Excellent house. Low rent. 'Phone: Holborn 1735.

TO LET or sell on easy terms, small semi-detached house, convertible into two flatlets. Healthy and sunny situation, e.l., gas, garage. Wainwright, Weary-all, Glastonbury.

GOWER Street, W.C.1. Large modern furnished room to let (to woman) Aug. and Sept. (or earlier). Very mod. rent. Write Top Flat, 116 Gower Street.

ROOMS (furn.) in Hampstead, ½ hr. from Oxford St. Quiet house, garden. 22 Belsize Avenue. PRI 1043.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

BY TOREADOR

NEW AMERICAN TAXATION—EFFECT ON COMPANY DIVIDENDS—AND ON THE FOREIGN INVESTOR—RANDFONTEIN

In contrast with the growing quietude of London stock markets —summer (we hope) and a three-weeks' account are approaching— signs of greater activity are apparent in Wall Street. The drought and threats of labour trouble have failed to damp enthusiasm. Is it not possible, they say, that Mr. Roosevelt will be defeated ? In any case the second half of an election year is usually more cheerful for the brokers. And why not on this occasion, seeing that Congress has left behind a Revenue Act which is calculated to enhance the casino qualities of the American Stock Exchanges ? I doubt whether this curious Act will remain permanently on the American Statute Book without substantial modification, but as it stands it is bound to cause many dividend changes. Moreover, the surtax on undistributed earnings which this Act imposes may tend to prevent a financially weak company improving the investment status of its prior charges just as it may tend to weaken the investment status of the prior charges of a financially strong company. And as regards common stocks it may cause companies distributing less than 40 per cent. of their net income to increase, and those distributing more than 80 per cent. of their net income to reduce, their dividends. This will be more apparent from the following table ; but let me first explain that the Act imposes two different income taxes upon company earnings—(1) a graduated normal tax from 8 per cent. to 15 per cent., with the 15 per cent. applicable to all income over $40,000 (a discrimination against size), and (2) a surtax on undistributed earnings payable on adjusted net income after deduction of normal tax. For all companies of any real size this means a substantial addition to the tax burden, as the table will show :

NEW INCOME TAXATION OF AMERICAN COMPANIES.

Annual dividend as % of adjusted net income.	Surtax as % of adjusted net income.	Total tax (incl. normal tax) as % of unadjusted net income.
Nil	20.50	32.43
10	17.80	30.13
20	15.10	27.84
30	12.38	25.53
40	9.70	23.25
50	7.50	21.38
60	5.30	19.50
70	3.60	18.06
80	1.90	16.61
90	0.70	15.59
100	nil	15.00

* * *

It will be seen that the surtax is virtually negligible where the dividend is 80 per cent. or more of net income, but becomes serious when it is less than 40 per cent. No doubt companies with good banking connections will decide to raise new capital for expansion rather than plough back profits at a prohibitive cost. Conversely, they may choose not to pay dividends of more than 80 per cent. of the adjusted net income for above 80 per cent. they can accumulate reserves cheaply. How quickly the boards of directors will adapt themselves to the new dividend technique I cannot say. In the past they took it upon themselves to stand between the stockholder and the changes and chances of the business world by accumulating reserves, i.e., by making his income more stable than the company's profits. They may now be induced to abandon this function. Future dividends may be related more closely to current dividends and therefore may fluctuate more widely. This implies little change in dividend policies in staple industries producing consumer goods but it may mean violent changes for companies producing capital goods. In other words, the casino qualities of the New York Stock Exchange are enhanced. Wall Street becomes a more exciting prospect for the speculator.

* * *

Let me pursue this speculative line a stage farther. The following is a list of companies which, in this first stage of the American recovery, prudently distributed in 1935 50 per cent. or less of their net income.

	1935 earned per share.	Current Dividend.	1936 High.	1936 Low.	Current Price.
American Smelting	5.01	1.60	91½	56¾	82
Borg Warner ..	5.95	3.00	83½	64	77½
Great Northern Preferred ..	2.87	—	44	32¼	38⅞
Sears Roebuck ..	4.45	2.00	78¼	59⅝	78⅛
Western Union ..	5.03	2.00	95	72½	88⅞

It may be that these companies will be induced by the Revenue Act to pay larger dividends. The American Smelting has paid off all arrears of preferred dividends and is in a strong financial position. Western Union's net income this year may possibly exceed $6 per share. In view of the increased purchasing power of the consumer, not to mention the Veterans, Sears Roebuck should increase its earnings substantially this year. The Great Northern, a railroad which is dependent mainly on the movement of agricultural crops, iron ore and lumber, has recently effected a conversion operation which should improve the 1936 earnings of the preferred stock (there is no common). In all these cases the trend of earnings is upward, which should encourage the directors to take proper advantage of the new Revenue Act. But apart from equity dividends more immediate action should be taken in the case of preferred stocks with dividend arrears whose current dividends are now being earned. I rejoice to think that the Shell Union Oil Corporation, whose directors are so averse to allowing stockholders to participate in earnings, may now be forced to pay off their arrears on the 5½ per cent. preferred stock this year.

* * *

Apart from these speculations the new Revenue Act must, I think, encourage the export of British capital to Wall Street. The foreigner now knows where he stands with regard to American taxation. The non-resident alien is exempt from tax on capital gains—that is the main point—and is subject only to a 10 per cent. tax on bond interest and dividends. (The non-resident foreign corporation is subject to a tax of 15 per cent. on interest and 10 per cent. on dividends.) If the foreigner has no United States business or office, he will be exempt from filing United States income-tax returns as the bond interest and dividend tax is deducted at source. It is hardly credible that the Revenue Act will be modified to the disadvantage of the foreigner. There remains the exchange risk, but as the rearmament expenditures of the British Government will necessitate an increase in imports and will probably lead to a rise in the internal price level, sterling has more reason to be weak against the dollar than the dollar to be weak against sterling —that is until signs of real inflation begin to be manifest in America. So London may resume its speculative flights in Wall Street, encouraged by the Revenue Act to treat the New York Stock Exchange as a gambling medium for capital gain.

* * *

The excitement in the shares of West Rand gold mining companies is likely to be sustained by the borehole results of West Witwatersrand, if half the reports I hear are true. On June 27th I was recommending Randfontein at 69*s*. 9*d*., partly on the prospect of increasing dividends, partly on its interest in land adjoining the Venterspost and Libanon properties of West Witwatersrand, which may some day be floated off as a separate company. The shares have now touched 80*s*. (and reacted), which seems to be an occasion for my Statistical Assistant to review the recommendation. This is his table of valuation compiled on the basis adopted by Mr. Sturzenegger on the assumption of future dividends of 5*s*., 6*s*. and 7*s*. 6*d*. per share with an amortisation allowance on a 4 per cent. basis. An arbitrary valuation of £2,000,000 has been placed on the new areas, equivalent to 10*s*. per Randfontein share :

VALUE OF RANDFONTEIN TO YIELD 6 PER CENT. AFTER AMORTISATION.

	Current Dividend of 5/-.	Estimated Future Dividend of 6/-.	Earnings based on Grade in Ore Reserves of 7/6.
Value of Dividend ..	71/-	83/-	104/-
Value of new areas ..	10/-	10/-	10/-
	81/-	93/-	114/-

It will be seen that at the present price of around 80*s*. Randfontein are fairly valued. Above 80*s*. the shares become speculative because it is being assumed either that the dividend will be increased to 6*s*. per share (not improbable over the next year or two) or that the new areas are worth more than 10*s*. per share. In view of developments on the adjoining properties the shares may reach 90*s*., and at that price I think that *investors* should sell. Speculators will, of course, be guided by other considerations. The fact that the shares were as low as 50*s*. this year is, I suppose, immaterial.

Company Meeting

COVENT GARDEN PROPERTIES

The Twelfth Ordinary General Meeting of the company was held in London on Tuesday last.

Mr. Philip E. Hill (chairman of the company) presiding, said (in part): The revenue for the year, before providing for directors' fees, taxation, and Debenture interest, is £259,000 odd. The income from rents, tolls, and interest on investments is £228,000—an increase of £17,000—or if the further increase in rates is added, £22,000—as compared with last year. Balance of revenue arising out of realisation of securities is £30,770 19*s.* 3*d.*, as against a figure of £30,763 4*s.* 11*d.* in last year's accounts. As anticipated, our revenue continues to increase, and should be further augmented during this year and next year to the extent of about £30,000. There are also, of course, valuable reversions falling in during the next few years which should give us additional revenue. With regard to market tolls, the frost in May last had its effect on the crops and the ban on produce from Italy has also affected our revenue.

During the year the company issued £2,500,000 Four per Cent. First Mortgage Debenture stock, and in connection with the issue an offer was made to the holders of the Five per Cent. and Four-and-a-Half per Cent. Debenture stocks to convert into the new issue or to accept redemption. As a result the whole of the £1,000,000 Five per Cent. Debenture stock and £835,090 of the £1,000,000 Four-and-a-Half per Cent. Debenture stock has been converted or redeemed. There still remains a balance of £164,910 of the Four-and-a-Half per Cent. stock outstanding, and the company has deposited £181,401 in cash with the trustees for that stock to provide for the redemption of this in 1937.

The chairman referred to a valuation of the company's properties which showed an increase of £663,604 over the figure at which they appear in the balance sheet and said: In view of this very substantial surplus and to the fact that at the moment there are one or two interesting negotiations in hand, the directors have decided to defer dealing with the discount and expenses in connection with the Debenture issue.

During the year certain of the company's investments have been realised at a satisfactory profit and the proceeds, together with the surplus arising from the recent Debenture issue, figure in the balance-sheet item as cash in hand. With a view to the satisfactory employment of these funds contracts have been entered into for the purchase of shop properties let to well-known multiple concerns. The completion of certain of these contracts has been effected since the date of the balance sheet. The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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plus proceeds from sale of actual bonuses and rights to be distributed this half year ...	19-9

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